

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

MAUD AND MARMION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A desolate river is twixt them twain—
Dark roll its billows of sorrow and pain;
And a mournful wood and a barren shore
Slope to its wild waves evermore.

No lilies gladden its cloudy strand,
But there are dim foot-prints in the sand;
And over a wailing cry of pain
Drifts over its eddies of wind and rain.

And the name of this sorrowful river is PARDE.
Oh, dark are its billows and deep its tide;
And the moon of its midnight flood is crossed
By the wail of a peace forever lost.

Screwing the strand of this solemn flood,
Lie the pale wrecks of the lovely and good;
His heart of ice and his lips of death
Are not more cold than her ruined faith.

For the temple of beauty once their own,
The ruthless spoiler hath overthrown.
The glory dismantled, the shrine laid low
Her spirit was bruised on long ago.

The noiseless steps of grief and pain
Are blotted out by the wind and rain,
And only the wild floods hurrying by,
Moans of her buried misery.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

MOAT-GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

They had brought down the pheasants in plenty; never had a First of October afforded better spoil; and they had lingered long at the sport, for evening was drawing on. Mr. Dalrymple, the owner of Moat-Grange—which was a desolate Grange enough, to look at, with the remains of a moat round it, long since filled in—aimed at the last bird he meant to hit that day, and missed it. He handed his gun to his gamekeeper.

"Shall I load again, sir?"

"No. We have had enough for one day, Hardy; and it is getting late. Come along, Charles. Oscar, are you satisfied?"

"He must be greedy if he is not," broke in the hearty voice of Mr. Cleveland, a neighbor, who had joined their sport. "He ought to leave some."

"You'll come home and dine with us, Cleveland," interposed Mr. Dalrymple, as they turned towards the Grange.

"What, in this trim? Mrs. Dalrymple would say I made myself free and easy."

"Nonsense! You know we don't stand upon ceremony. James will give your boots a brush. And, if you insist on being smart, I will lend you a coat."

"As you have, before now. Thank you. Then I don't care if I do. Look out, Charles; out of the way." And, turning round, Mr. Cleveland fired his gun in the air.

"What is that for?" demanded Oscar Dalrymple, a relative of the family, who was visiting at the Grange. "You have wasted the charge."

"I never carry home a piece loaded," was the answer. "I have too many young ones to risk it; they are in all parts of the house at once, and putting their hands to everything. Neither do I think it fair to carry it into the house of a friend."

Oscar Dalrymple drew down the corners of his mouth, rendering his cold, unpleasing face, more unpleasing. At that moment, a bird rose within range. Oscar raised his gun, fired, and brought it down. "That is how I like to waste good shot and powder," said he.

"All right, Mr. Oscar," merrily answered Mr. Cleveland. "To use it is better than to waste it, but to waste it is better than to run risks. All the accidents that happen with guns, happen from want of precaution."

"Shall I draw your charge, Mr. Charles?" asked Hardy, who had a reverence for Mr. Cleveland and all he said, having once served his father.

"Draw the charge from my gun!" returned Charles Dalrymple. "No. I can take care of my playthings, if others can't," he added, in a lower tone to Hardy, with all the self-surety of a young and vain man.

Presently Farmer Lee came up, winding across the stubble towards his home. They were on the farmer's grounds then, who rented under Mr. Dalrymple.

"Famous good sport to-day, hasn't it been, square?" cried he, touching his hat to his landlord.

"Famous. Never better. Will you accept a pair, Lee?" continued Mr. Dalrymple. "We have bagged plenty."

The farmer gladly took the pheasants. He had no time to go shooting, himself, or did not choose to make it: work with Farmer Lee, was all in all. "I shall tell my daughters you shoot them on purpose, squire," said he, jestingly.

"Do," laughed Charles Dalrymple. "Tell Miss Judith I shot them for her: in return for her sewing up that rent in my coat, the other day, and making me decent to go home. Is the fence, where I fell, mended yet, farmer?"

"Mended yet?" echoed Mr. Lee. "It was up again in an hour after you left, Mr. Charles."

"Ah! I know you are the essence of order and punctuality," returned Charles. "You must let me have the cost."

"Time enough for that," said the farmer.

"'Twasn't much. Good afternoon, gentlemen: your servant, squire."

"Oh—I say—Lee," called out Charles, as the farmer was turning homewards, while the rest of the party pursued their way, "about the mud in that weir? Hardy says it will hurt the fish to do it now."

"That's just what I told you, Mr. Charles."

"Well, then—But I'll come down tomorrow and talk it over with you: I can't stop now."

"As you please, sir. I shall be somewhere about."

Charles Dalrymple turned too hastily. His foot caught against something rising from the stable, and in saving himself he nearly dropped his gun. He recovered the gun, with a jerk, but the trigger was touched, he never knew how, or with what, and the piece went off. A cry in front, a confusion, one down, and the others gathered round him, was all Charles Dalrymple saw, as through a mist. He dropped the gun, started forward, and gave vent to a cry of anguish. For it was his father who had fallen.

The most collected was Oscar Dalrymple. He always was collected: his nature was too cold ever to be put out. He held up his relative's head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened his eyes.

"Oh, father," cried Charles, with a wail of grief, as he threw himself beside him. "I did not do it purposely—I don't know how it happened."

"Purposely, no, boy," answered his father, in a kind tone. "Cheer up. I do not believe there's much harm done. Cleveland, I think the damage is in my left leg."

Mr. Dalrymple was right. The charge had entered the calf of the left leg. Oscar cut the leg of the trowsers round the knee with a penknife, and drew it off, and the boot. The blood was running freely. As a matter of course, no soul present knew what ought to be done, whether anything or nothing, all being profoundly ignorant of the simple principles of surgery, but they stumbled to the conclusion that tying it up might stop the blood.

"Not that handkerchief," interrupted Mr. Cleveland, as Oscar introduced a silk one for the purpose: "take mine; it is white and linen. The first thing will be to get him home."

"The first thing must be to get a doctor," said Oscar.

"Of course. But we can move him home while advice is coming."

"My house is nearer than the Grange," said Farmer Lee. "Better take him there."

"No; get me home," interposed Mr. Dalrymple.

"My house is not a stone's throw off, and the best room shall be at your service, sir. You know that."

"Yes, Lee. But—this may be a long job. I would rather be taken home."

"The squire thinks that home's home," cried the gamekeeper. "And so it is; specially in illness."

The difficulty was, how to get him there. But necessity, as we all know, is the true mother of invention; and by help of a matress, procured from Farmer Lee's, with impromptu bearings to it, made of "webbing," as Miss Judith Lee called some particularly strong tape she happened to have by her, the gamekeeper, two laborers, and Mr. Lee started with their load. Oscar walked by Mr. Dalrymple's side; Charles, in a state of distraction, had down off to the town for medical assistance; and Mr. Cleveland volunteered to go forward and prepare Mrs. Dalrymple.

Mr. Dalrymple was in one of the old-fashioned sitting-rooms of the Grange, with her daughters. Old-fashioned as regarded its construction, and its carved oak paneling, dark as mahogany; handsome and modern as regarded its furniture and fittings up. Mrs. Dalrymple, an agreeable woman of three or four-and-forty, had risen, and was bending over the tambour-work of their visitor, Miss Lynn, telling her it was too dull to do more than; Selina Dalrymple, lame and an invalid, was on her reclining sofa, near the window.

"Here is Mr. Cleveland by himself," exclaimed Alice, seeing him pass. "I wonder where the others are!"

Mrs. Dalrymple raised her head, and went, in her simple, hospitable fashion, to the open hall door. Putting it back for Mr. Cleveland's approach, she retreated, and stood just inside the oak parlor.

"What a long day you have had!" she exclaimed, as he came in after her. "I think you must all be tired. Where are the others?"

"They are behind," replied Mr. Cleveland. He had been thinking, as he came along, that he would make light of the accident, at the first telling; quite a joke of it; so as to prepare them without alarm. "We have bagged such a quantity, Mrs. Dalrymple; and your husband has asked me to dinner; and is going to accommodate me with a coat, as well. Oh, but, talking of bagging, and dinner, and coats, I hope you have plenty of hot water in the house; baths, and all the rest of it. One of us has hurt his leg, and we may want no end of hot water to wash it."

"That is Charles, I know," said Selina. "He is always getting into some scrape. Look at what he did at Lee's last week."

"No; it is not Charles, for once. Guess again."

"Is it Oscar?"

"Oscar," interposed Alice, from her sofa. "Oscar is too cautious to get into hurt."

"Then who is it?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, looking up. "Is it much?"

"What should you say to its being me?" said Mr. Cleveland, sitting down, and stretching out one leg, as if were stiff and he could not bend it.

"Oh, dear!" uttered Mrs. Dalrymple, running forward with a footstool, "how did it happen? You ought not to have walked home."

"No," said he, "my leg is all right. It is Dalrymple; he has hurt his a little."

"How did he do it? Is it the knee? Did he fall?" was reiterated around.

Charles Dalrymple, running forward with a footstool, "how did it happen? You ought not to have walked home."

"It is nothing," interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, "but we would not let him walk home. And I came on to tell you, lest you should be alarmed at seeing him brought."

"Brought?" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "How do you mean? Who is bringing him?"

"Hardy and Farmer Lee. I suppose, left to himself, he would have been for running all the way here, and leaping the ditch over the shortest cut, so we just made him lie down on a mattress, and they are carrying it. Miss Judith supplied us."

"Has he sprained his leg?"

"No," carelessly returned Mr. Cleveland. "He has managed to get a little shot into his head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened his eyes."

"Shot?" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in a frightened tone. "Shot!"

"It is nothing, I assure you," said Mr. Cleveland. "A very slight wound. He will be out with us in a week's time."

"Charles ground.

"This is the second accident of just the same sort that I have been in," continued Hardy. "The other was at the earl's, when I was a younger. Two red-coat blades had come down there with the young lord, him as is now the earl, for a week's sport, and one of 'em (he seemed to us keepers as if he had never handled a gun in all his born days) got the shot into the other's calf—just as it has been got this evening into the squire's. That was a worse accident, though, than this will be, I hope. He was laid up at the inn, close by where it happened, for six weeks, and then—"

"Pretty well. A bit faintish he was."

"Hardy, I will never touch a gun again."

"Not till the next time, I don't suppose you will," said Mr. Cleveland. "You may touch 'em, sir, but you must be more careful of 'em."

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"Of course not," said Mr. Dalrymple, in a tone his son very much disliked, for he knew it betrayed no reverence for his own wisdom—"I should be surprised if you did. Common-place ways and means, pounds, shillings, and pence, are beneath the exalted consideration of Mr. Charles Dalrymple. I should not wonder but you would set up to live upon air to-morrow, if you had nothing else to set up upon."

"Well, father, you know what I meant—that I am not mercenary."

"I should not wish you to be. Neither was I, when I spoke of Isabel's having money, nor has her possessing it influenced us, in approving of her. We like her for herself; but you will both, no doubt, find her fortune useful. There must be an additional allowance to you, instead of the subtraction you spoke of just now. Well—we must manage it. I would ten thousand times over rather you married, than run wild and fall into folly, as did poor Charles Dalrymple. Have you talked of when it is to be, Charles?"

"Oh, sir—not this year."

"This year will soon be out. Next, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"And this brings us round to our argument. Do you see—were I gone and you married—that the Grange would be your home? And that your mother and sisters would be thrust out upon the world?"

"Never, father. If—if Isabel were here, would there not be room for all?"

"No, Charles," answered Mr. Dalrymple, gravely, "there would not be room. Isabel would wish and require to be mistress in her own house. And your mother could scarcely remain in this house, if it owned another mistress."

"They—they could both act as mistress," said Charles, dubiously.

Mr. Dalrymple shook his head.

"Two mistresses never answered yet," he said. "And there is another thing, Charles, that I have never found answer: a wife and mother-in-law living together: especially in the house where the latter has ruled as mistress. It would not do in this."

"Well, sir, let us be thankful that there will be no cause to try it."

"Ay, Charles, I am thankful—and for my own sake—that my life is yet spared to me—but the future of your mother and sisters has been a thorn in my side, now that I have been brought face to face with death."

"Hear me, father!" exclaimed Charles, rising, "had the worst happened, they should have been my first care: I declare it to you. First and foremost, even before Isabel."

"Are you going down, Charles? Bring a light here. My leg is very uneasy."

"Does it pain you?" inquired Charles, who had noticed that his father was restless. "How tight the bandage is! But the leg appears swollen."

"The effect of the bandage being tight," remarked Mr. Dalrymple. "Loosen it, and put plenty of lotion on."

"It feels very hot," were Charles's last words.

They were sitting round the fire just before bed-time, Selina, Alice, Miss Lynn, Charles, and Oscar. No certain were they of the good result of the accident, that they had got to speak lightly of it—not of the accident, none would have been capable of that, but of the circumstances attending it. They had just been recommending Charles never in future to touch any weapon stronger than a pop-gun.

"I don't mean to," said Charles.

"What a long cloathing you had with papa, to-night, after Isabel came down," remarked Selina. "What was the conference about, Charles? Was he reading you a lecture how to carry loaded guns?"

"Not that," broke in Oscar. "He was charging him how to reign at Mont-Grange, when he comes into it—as he was so near doing lately."

Charles glanced up quickly, almost believing Oscar must have been hid in the bed-chamber wall.

"You have nearly hit it, Oscar," said he. "Mont-Grange was the chief subject of our conversation."

"Only to think of it!" uttered Alice—"that we have been so close to losing the Grange. For if dear papa had died, it would be Charlie's."

"Ay, all Charles's; and you no longer would have had any right here, even Mrs. Dalrymple," cried Oscar, in a musing tone, as if speaking for his own benefit. "I dare say that he worried Mr. Dalrymple."

"I know it has," spoke up Charles, in his hasty way: "that was what he was telling me. But there was no occasion for it."

"No, thank Heaven! things have turned out," exclaimed Selina.

"Nor if they had turned out differently," added Charles. "My father might have made himself easy on that score."

"Should you have sent us adrift, Charles?" asked Alice.

"To be sure I should: in double-quic time," answered Charles, advancing behind Alice and tilting her chair back to kiss her, and keeping her in that position. "Sharp the word, and quick the motion, it would have been with me then. I should have paid a premium with you both, and shipped you off by some emigrant ship, that you might never trouble me and the Grange again."

"And mamma, Charlie!"

"Oh, mamma—I might, perhaps, have allowed her to stop," returned Charles, with a mock serious face. "Our condition that she would have acted as my housekeeper."

They all laughed: they were secure in the love of Charles: in the midst of which, Charles felt somebody touch his shoulder. It was Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Dearest mamma," said he, letting Alice and her chair go forward to their natural position, and stepping backwards, laughing still. "Did you hear what we were saying?"

"Yes, Charles," she sighed. "I heard it—Have you a mind for a ride to night?"

"A ride!" exclaimed Charles. "To find the emigrant ship!"

"I have told James to get the gig ready. He can go, if you do not, but I thought you might be the quicker driver. It is to bring Mr. Fort. Some change has taken place in your father's leg. It is worse."

All their mirth was forgotten instantly. They sat speechless.

"He complained, just now, of the bandage being too tight, and said Charles had pretended to loosen it, but must have only fancied that he did so. I looked at it, and it is so much inflamed and swollen, and he cannot bear the pain. I fear," she added, sitting down on a chair and bursting into tears, "that we have reckoned on his recovery too soon—that it is far off yet."

Charles flew to the coach house, and helped to harness in the horse, not that he apprehended danger. He soon brought back Mr. Fort.

Mrs. Dalrymple, Charles, and Oscar went with Mr. Fort to the chamber. He uncovered the leg, took off the bandage and linen, and held the wax-light close. He gave but one look, and then glanced up with a too expressive face. *Erysipelas had set in.*

Nobody understood, or was alarmed. Mrs. Dalrymple asked the cause of the change, the sudden heat and pain.

"It is a change—that does—sometimes come on," drawled Mr. Fort, who, of course, as a medical man, would have protested against danger, had he known his patient was going to drop off the next moment but one.

"That redness about it," said Mr. Dalrymple, "that's new."

"A touch of erysipelas," remarked the surgeon.

But all were hopeful at the Grange. Even though Mr. Fort came repeatedly, not only the succeeding day, but the next, and the next, and always brought the physician with him. They were naturally anxious, but they had been imbued with the notion that the danger was over, and none of them looked to the worst side.

One day the medical men were driving out of the stable-yard—they generally came and went that way, for it was more convenient to the high road than the front entrance—when they met Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Fort pulled up, and Mr. Cleveland leaned on the gig while he talked to them, one hand on the wing, and the other on the dash-board.

"How is he this morning?"

"We were speaking of you, sir," cried Mr. Fort: "saying that you, as Mr. Dalrymple's chief friend, would be the best to break the news at the Grange. There is no hope."

"No hope of his life!"

"None. A day or two must terminate it." Mr. Cleveland was inexpressibly shocked. He could not at first speak.

"This is very sudden, gentlemen."

"Not particularly so. You knew that erysipelas had come on."

"Yes, I knew that," answered Mr. Cleveland.

"There has been little hope since. And what there was, has gone now. We have done all in our power, but it has mastered us. Will you break it to Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Yes," he answered, quitting them. "It is a hard task; but somebody must do it."

He went straight to Mr. Dalrymple's bedroom, and remained with him some time. Charles, who had been despatched to the town on a matter of business, did not get home till evening. He also went there. His mother left the chamber as he went in. She had her handkerchief to her face: Charles supposed she was crying. He approached the bed.

"How are you by this time, sir?"

Mr. Dalrymple, who was looking flushed and restless, laid hold of Charles's hand and held it between both of his. "Have they told you the news, my boy?" he whispered.

"No," answered Charles, whose thoughts did not point to the true meaning of the words. "Is there any?"

Mr. Dalrymple gazed up at him, a yearning gaze. And an uneasy sensation stole over his son.

"I am going to leave you, Charles."

Charles sank down by the side of the bed. It was as if a thunderbolt had struck him: and one that was to leave its trace throughout his life. "Father! it cannot be!"

"In a day or two, Charles. That is all they allow me now of life."

He cried out, with a loud, wailing cry, and let his head drop on the counterpane beside his father.

"You must not take it too much to heart, my son. Remember: that is one of my dying injunctions."

"I wish I could die for you, father!" he passionately uttered. "I shall never forgive myself."

"I forgive you heartily and freely, Charles. Let that suffice. It was a lamentable accident, but it must have been permitted for some wise end. I forgive and bless you. I could die in peace, but for the thought of your mother and sisters. I can but leave them to you: will you cherish and provide for them?"

He lifted up his head, speaking eagerly. "I will, sir. They shall be my only care. Father! I will never marry. Here I swear—"

"Be silent, Charles!" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple, his voice raised to hoarseness. "How dare you? *Never take a rash oath!*"

"I mean to perform it, father."

"Hush! Act always according to the best of your abilities and conscience, but never bind yourself to what you may prove unable to perform. Future affairs, which may look to us dark and perplexing, sometimes clear up wonderfully in the working. Perhaps you may be able to provide for them without marrying your own prospects. A way may be found."

"Yes, yes," sighed Charles; "be at ease respecting them: they shall be my care, as I told you, even before Isabel. But, oh, to lose you thus! My father! say once more that you do forgive me!"

"From my very heart and soul. Do not grieve, Charles. Take counsel of your mother in all things, when I am gone. Bless you, my boy, bless you!"

"If Mr. Charles had but let me draw that charge from his gun," bewailed the game-keeper aloud, as mourners, friends, tenants, and servants were falling into order, after laying Mr. Dalrymple in his grave, "the square would have been here now."

"A ride!" exclaimed Charles. "To find the emigrant ship!"

"I have told James to get the gig ready. He can go, if you do not, but I thought you might be the quicker driver. It is to bring Mr. Fort. Some change has taken place in your father's leg. It is worse."

FOR A CORRECT MISNOMER.—We know an old lady, who when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally, or else by a curious jumble of ideas—“Mr. Bigamy Young.”

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

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BRITISH ART.

We have omitted to call the attention of our readers to the collection of English and Scottish paintings, in oil and water colors, now being exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts. The exhibition has had its origin, we believe, in a natural desire of the British artists to share the profits of American patronage with their French, German and Italian brethren, who so far have managed nearly to monopolize the American market. The pictures are generally for sale, and some seven or eight thousand dollars, we believe, have already been invested in them by our citizens.

OUR OWN INTEREST IN VISITING THESE PICTURES WAS IN NO SMALL DEGREE STIMULATED BY HEARING THAT THE COLLECTION CONTAINED A VERY FAIR SPECIMEN OF WHAT HAD BEEN SO MUCH TALKED ABOUT OF LATE, THE PRE-RAPHAELITE SCHOOL. THE PAINTING IN QUESTION IS AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE SCRIPTURE, "BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK"—AND OUR SURPRISE WAS INDEED VERY GREAT IN BEHOLDING IT.

WE WERE DISPOSED TO REGARD IT FAVORABLY, HAVING UNDERSTOOD THAT PRE-RAPHAELITISM WAS BASED UPON A LITERAL RENDERING OF NATURE, NOT ONLY IN GREAT THINGS, BUT IN SUCH SMALL ONES AS LEAVES AND GRASSES—AND ALTHOUGH SUCH FAITHFUL IMITATION ALONE, IT IS CLEAR, COULD NEVER REACH THE SUMMITS OF HIGH ART, IT IS A VERY EXCELLENT BASIS TO START FROM, AND TO RETURN TO OCCASIONALLY; FOR ART, IN ITS STRUGGLE WITH THE IDEAL, LIKE ANTAEUS, GAINS FRESH STRENGTH WHENEVER IT TOUCHES ITS MOTHER EARTH. BUT IT MUST LEAVE THE EARTH SOMETIMES IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO REACH IT.

IF THIS, HOWEVER, WHICH WE SEE IN MR. HUNT'S PAINTING BE PRE-RAPHAELITISM, THEN ARE WE DISAPPOINTED INDEED. IT LOOKS LIKE THE TAWDRY EFFORT OF SOME HALF-BARBARIAN ARTIST—NOT DESTINED OF GENIUS, BUT STRUGGLING UP TOWARDS THE REGIONS OF THE SIMPLE AND THE TRUE. IF THIS IS THE PRE-RAPHAELITE TIME, WE HAVE NEVER SUFFICIENTLY ESTIMATED THE GREATNESS OF THAT GREAT ARTIST'S GENIUS.

WE NOW BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY IT IS THAT HIS NAME OCCUPIES SO HIGH A NICHÉ IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

ONEpeculiar will strike Americans in looking at these English pictures—the excessive greenness of the grass. WE HAVE HEARD TOURISTS SAY THAT THE ENGLISH GRASS IS OF A VERY DIFFERENT COLOR FROM OUR OWN BROWNISH-GREEN, AND WE SUPPOSE THAT WE SHOULD NOT BE FAR FROM THE MARK IN SAYING THAT THE COLOR OF THE GRASS IN THESE PAINTINGS IS STRICTLY CORRECT. IF IT IS, WE MUST ALLOW TO EXPRESS THE OPINION THAT OUR OWN DARKER-COLORED GRASS LOOKS FAR RICHER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL IN A PICTURE, HOWEVER IT MAY LOOK IN REALITY. THE GRASS IN THESE ENGLISH PAINTINGS—IN SOME OF THEM ESPECIALLY—is TO US A GREAT BLEMISH. PROBABLY TO ENGLISH EYES IT IS DIFFERENT.

AMONG THE NOTICEABLE PICTURES ARE "THE INSTALLATION OF CAPTAIN ROCK"—A FINELY-EXECUTED PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR POWERS—THE "PARTING OF LORD AND LADY RUSSELL," A NOBLE AND TENDER SUBJECT WELL RENDERED—"KING LEAR," BY BROWN, WHICH DID NOT STRIKE US FAVORABLY—"THE MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS"—"BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR"—"THE EVE OF ST. AGNES," ANOTHER PICTURE BY HUNT, AND, AS WE THINK, AN INFINITELY FINER ONE THAN THE OTHER—"FAUST AND MARGARET IN THE GARDEN," "A PRUSSIAN FAIR," "THE BACK OF SHAKESPEARE," "THE FIRST RAGED SCHOOL," "STONEHENGE," &c. &c.

A FINE PICTURE BY R. COOPER—"THE KNIGHT-ERRANT OF GOTHIC FABLE," AND VINDICATING THE RIGHT AND THE POWER OF WOMEN TO WALK IN IT. HOME, THE LADY CONCEDES, IS WOMAN'S SPHERE, BUT SHE WOULD REMEMBER THAT THE MOST CONSERVATIVE USAGE JUSTIFIES THE NOBLE AND USEFUL LABORS THAT WOMAN HAS BROUGHT IN ALL AGES BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THAT CONFINES.

JUDGE STRONG HELD THAT IN CASE OF AN EXPRESS NO EXPRESS COVENANT ON THE PART OF THE LANDLORD TO REBUILD, HE WAS NOT BOUND TO REBUILD; THAT THE FACT OF HIS RECEIVING INSURANCE MONEY CREATED NO OBLIGATION TO REBUILD; THAT THE RENT WAS NOT SUSPENDED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PREMISES, BUT THE TENANT MUST CONTINUE TO PAY IT; AND THAT SINCE THE LEASE PROVIDED THAT AT ITS EXPIRATION THE TENANT SHOULD SURRENDER IT "IN A GOOD ORDER, REASONABLE, WEAR AND TEAR EXCEPTED," IT WAS QUITE UNLIKELY WHETHER THE TENANT HIMSELF WAS NOT AT ALL EVENTS BOUND TO REBUILD. THE JUDGE THEREFORE DIRECTED A NON-SUIT.

IT WOULD APPEAR BY THE ABOVE—if we correctly understand it—that if A leases a store of B for \$4,600, for seven years—and the store is burnt down during the first year—that B is entitled to his

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE GHOST OF BY-GONE CEREMONY—A DOUBLE DEMONSTRATION—A NOTABLE BANQUET—INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITIES—A FEAT OF ENGINEERING—AN INGENIOUS DEVICE—FRENCH NOTION OF AN ENGLISH MILOR'.

Paris, February 18, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Yesterday being Ash-Wednesday, clapped a sudden extinguisher on the wild gauches of the Carnaval, which, shorn though it be of its former splendors, is still honored with a few masks, a good many balls, and the immemorial procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, or Fat Oxen, a relic of old Pagan superstitions and sacrifice. This promenade, more amusing to the public who turn out in shoals to witness it, than to the poor weary animals who thus drag their cumbersome bodies through the city previous to being devoured by the spectators who gaze on them, was advertised this year as about to be conducted with uncommon splendor, and certainly the programme looked sufficiently imposing in the columns of the newspapers. Four superb animals, the finest raised this year in France, decked out with garlands of paper flowers, ribbons and tinsel, a band of "Sacrificators" in Druidic costume, all the gods and goddesses of Olympus and of Valhalla, Father Time in appropriate garb, a band of municipal officers habited in the guise of the 13th century, old French and Gallic heroes, all these in full costume devised, "regardless of expense," by the costume-maker of the Opera, and the cars and canopies ornamented by the "decorators" of the same establishment, accompanied by bands of music, and escorted by detachments of the Guards, made up a very fine affair upon paper, but unfortunately looked rather gaudy and trumpery by broad daylight. However, the public turned out en masse as usual; and seemed bent on finding it splendid.

The poor animals, in their three days' march, visit the Tuilleries and all the members of the Imperial Family; the Ministers, Ambassadors, Baron Rothschild and other monetary nabobs; the Prefects and other nobilities; and formerly used, not unfrequently to fall down in the street, and die of fatigue before the end of their march. As such a catastrophe entails a heavy loss on the butcher who has purchased the animal, to say nothing of the disagreeable impression on the public mind, the animals are now taken out two at a time, so as to give them a day's rest; and, when not strong enough to bear the march, are paraded in gaudy cars. By means of these precautions, the four noble beasts who have this day laid down their lives for the Parisian tables, may have managed to get through their last wandering without any mortal fatigue. But when one sees the patient hoofs so merrily pressing the unwonted and unwelcome pavements, the great m' eyes, to which the Greeks likened those of no, looking out with dim wonder and bewilderment on the crowds that press around 'em, the weary limbs that try every now and then to lie down and rest, and think that this creature, so innocent and so unresisting, is to be taken into a slaughter-house, butchered and eaten, it is apt to make one wish that vegetarianism may sometimes or other, in the indefinite improvement of things in general, and of vegetables in particular, become possible dietary for the sustenance of nerve and muscle!

There have been but few masks this year; and those of a very seedy and rabbieish class, principally boys and young men of the lower orders, dressed in villainous tattered garments, with faces whitened, blackened, or reddened at the pleasure of their respective possessors, and a great display of tattered umbrellas, brooms, and saucepans or other incongruous objects stuck on their heads.

Masks have been the rage in the balls lately given; the more outrageously absurd the transformation the better. Among the most successful are a young lady who personates a rose-bush with great success; a gigantic grasshopper who goes through a quadrille with charming ease and grace; a bridge with a tree at each end and a tall gate in the middle, and a windmill with its sail turning, which creates an immense suction, and excites universal enthusiasm wherever it appears.

At La Chapelle, in the outskirts of Paris, where the people have been getting up a *bœuf gras* on their own account, an old inhabitant, aged 107 years, solicited and obtained the honor of figuring in the *cortège* as old Father Time, to the great delight of the native population, whose gratification was enhanced by the fact that this old patriarch possesses a long, white beard, perfectly in keeping with his part.

The attempt of last month has led to the division of the Empire into five Military Commands, each having its own organization, army and chief; these chiefs being Generals Canrobert, Magnat, Bosquet, Castellane, and Baraguay d'Hilliers. The object of this organization is to hold in check the conspirators of the secret societies, and to be able to oppose a prompt and energetic action to any attempt on their part. To complete this military organization, the post of Minister of the Interior has been conferred on General Espinasse. A bill is now pending in the Legislative Chamber conferring more powers on the Government to the same end, for the next ten years. These measures seem stringent, and it is not to the honor of the nation that they should be called for. But when one considers that the party against whom they are directed, and who alone will be affected by them, are really political and social desperadoes, who stick at nothing in their attempts to overthrow the administration, and would oppose in like manner any other form of settled government, one's horror of the seeming tyranny is much diminished. But the address which General Espinasse made to the French people, under the guise of a letter to the Prefect of the Seine, on entering upon his new post, and the speech of Count de Morny in the Chamber when bringing in the new bill, are curious evidences of the democratic tendency of the times, and which the present government shares, despite appearances, more thoroughly than any preceding one has ever done. In the letter, General Espinasse shows that the appointment of a soldier to a civil office is done in view only of enabling the government to present a front so strongly organized that the secret conspirators will be prevented from stirring by

the certainty of being instantaneously crushed; and of thus enabling the body of the nation to enjoy the stability and quiet they need and demand; the government having no intention of taking any measure that can interfere with the liberty and well-being of the orderly part of the community. The Count de Morny, in his speech, takes the same ground, but enters into a long and most able investigation of the "situation," showing what services have been rendered in past times by Legitimacy, the Orleanists, and the Republicans; that the time for their usefulness has passed, and calling on all honest lovers of their country to rally round the sovereign chosen by "unparalleled majorities," and by their union to enable the Emperor to introduce the large measure of liberty which can only exist upon a broad basis of national confidence and union. Unhappily for France, it is to be doubted whether such a union is possible; for there is no national spirit in the people. Each party is a party only; intent on party triumph, and, so far from being willing to merge their respective formulas in a united effort to obtain the gradual establishment of the various necessary reforms, unwilling to accept the very measures they approve, because effected by a ruler whom they would like to overthrow in favor of their various hostile candidates.—Theories in social science are certainly necessary, like hypotheses in physical investigation; and the French have propounded many beautiful ones which have given an impetus to the cause of rational freedom; but to prefer theory to fact, and still more to reject improvement because proceeding from another source than that of one's favorite formula, is hardly worthy of reasonable beings; and one turns with satisfaction from the saturnalia of theorizing and mutual jealousies to which France has given herself up, to the sober career of practical reform upon which Russia seems to be entering. A grand public banquet, the first public dinner that ever took place in that country, was lately held in Moscow, the old capital of the Empire, where the most eminent members of the progress party, nobles, capitalists, men of letters, and merchants, presided over by the former tutor of the present sovereign, met to testify their sympathy with him in the measures now taking for the enfranchisement of the serfs. The Governor of Moscow, shocked at so bold an innovation, advised the giving up of the projected banquet. The projectors declined to renounce their plan, and the anxious functionary wrote off to headquarters for directions. Alexander dictated a reply, which was telegraphed to the Governor, ordering him to offer no opposition, but on the contrary to aid the project, and directed him to state to the promoters of the dinner that he is a goose—that he could find plenty of things and people to love if he would, and that she will cure him. "Go to, Milor," she says in conclusion, "you might be the providence of the country-side, and be happy in making all about you happy."

Milor, who has taken the opportunity of falling in love with the pretty peasant, feels, to his surprise, that he is cured already, thinks she might figure with honor among the grand old ladies whose portraits adorn his ancestral hall, and promises to live for her sake. Stephanette proposes to him to use his power to get Fabrice, who plays on the horn, taken back into the factory from which he has been expelled for spending too much time on his horn. Lord Flamborough tears a leaf from his pocket-book, and writes on it. "Twenty-five guineas for the poor of the parish, if the bearer of this be received into the factory." Fabrice takes the paper, and comes back in wild delight, successful, and ready to marry his betrothed. But Milor does not like the idea, and says, "Me will hang hisself;" and proceeds to knot his handkerchief for the purpose, Fabrice having pocketed his nice new cord. Fabrice says the tree is his, and he will not let him hang himself on it. Milor offers to buy the tree; the cunning peasant still refusing, and the lord still increasing his offers, until the wily Fabrice at length consents to sell it at a price that makes his fortune.

Fabrice, elated with his new wealth, thinks he may make a better match than Stephanette, and leaves her contemptuously. Milor now presses his suit, and offers her his *Baron's coronet*. She smiles on him, though "her heart is breaking;" which manoeuvre happily produces its intended effect, and brings Fabrice back to her feet.

Milor is sadly annoyed at the reappearance of his rival, and very loath to abandon the prospect of having something to love. He therefore tells Fabrice that one of them must die; the world cannot hold them both. "We will draw lots," says Milor, in his broken French, "which of us draws the longest straw shall hang himself!"

Fabrice, who remembers how long and truly Stephanette has loved him, eagerly accepts this arrangement, making no doubt but Stephanette, who is to hold the straws, will take care to give him the shortest. So he hastily brings some straws to his betrothed, and the two men turn their backs to the pretty peasant while she gets them ready. Milor is the first to try his fortune, and draws from Stephanette's little brown hand a tiny length of straw, a mere nothing; Fabrice follows, and draws out a yard's length that seems as though it never would finish coming. Milor dances about the orchard in triumph, exclaiming, as he rushes every now and then at his discomfited rival, and makes boxing demonstrations in his face, out of pure exultation and good-humor. "Ho! ho! hang himself! hang himself! me be generous! me let you hang yourself on my tree for nothing! ho! ho! me draw little straw, me marry Stephanette directly! You go hang himself! ho! ho! you make haste and hang himself!"

But Fabrice has no idea of profiting by this permission, and Stephanette confesses she only gave him the long straw for a joke. After a few conflicting songs from each party, and a charming trio, in which they happily arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, Milor generously consents to let the lovers make themselves happy, and promises to be the godfather of all the little peasants that shall follow this auspicious union.

The getting up of this *opérette* is very fine; dresses, decorations, acting and music, all of the first water, and the outrageously bad French of the *Milor*, with the showers of traditional ejaculations that no Englishman is supposed to open his mouth without uttering, conspire to render the absurd little production a great favorite with the Parisians.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NEW CABINET IN ENGLAND. EARL DERBY AT THE HEAD—CAPTURE OF CANTON—ADVANCE IN COTTON.

The Canada brings Liverpool advices to the 27th ult., being one week's later news.

Lord Palmerston has resigned, and the Earl of Derby has constructed a new Cabinet, of which the members are as follows:

Premier—Lord Derby.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—D'Israeli.

Lord Chancellor—Sir F. Thesiger.

President of the Council—Earl of Salisbury.

Lord Privy Seal—Earl of Harrowick.

Home Department—Speaker Walpole.

Foreign Department—Earl of Malmesbury.

Colonial Secretary—Lord Stanley.

Minister of War—Gen. Peel.

First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir J. Packington.

Postmaster General—Lord Colchester.

President of the Board of Trade—Mr. Henry.

President of the Board of Control—Lord Ellenborough.

President of the Board of Public Works—Lord John Manners.

Attorney General—Sir F. Kelly.

Viceroy of Ireland—The Earl of Eglington.

Irish Chancellor—Justice Blackburn.

Chief Secretary—Lord Nasas.

Sir Bulwer Lytton has no office, his re-election to his seat in Parliament being considered doubtful.

The members of the Government not in the Cabinet include the Duke of Montrose as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Cairns as Solicitor General; Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald as Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Earl Cameron as Under Secretary of the Colonies; Lord Hardinge as Under Secretary of War, &c. Mr. Loftus C. Ottway is appointed British Minister to Mexico, and A. R. J. S. Lumley Secretary of Legation at Madrid.

Parliament met on the 27th. In the House of Commons new writs were ordered for the seats occupied by members of the Cabinet.—Both Houses had adjourned until March 1st, when they would further adjourn till the 12th.

The Governor-General of India is said to be reserved for Lord Stanley, in the event of Lord Canning's resignation.

A prosecution has been commenced by the English Government against a bookseller, named Truelove, for publishing a libellous pamphlet concerning Napoleon, with the view to excite his assassination.

Samuel Lees & Co., cotton dealers at Manchester, have suspended. Their assets exceed their liabilities.

The New York and Philadelphia line of screw steamers will hereafter leave Liverpool on the days that the Colling Line formerly sailed.

It was widely believed that the Derby Cabinet would not stand.

The trial of the Royal British Bank Directors is still pending, but drawing to a close.

Mazzini writes to the London Times denying that Orsini was guilty of any crime in Italy, and concludes with the following paragraph:

"Whatever opinion of Orsini may be entertained by those who frankly appeal to heaven and earth against the attempted murder of a tyrant, and do quietly witness, without a single word of indignation, the lasting murder of a whole people in Rome, none has a right of taxing Orsini with dishonesty, theft, or collusion. The agents of Louis Napoleon ought to be contented with beheading his enemies, without calumniating them."

The London Post says that the three vacant Garter in the gift of Lord Palmerston have been conferred on the Dukes of Wellington and Norfolk, and Earl Harrowby. Mr. Hagler late whipper-in of the Ministry, is to be made a baronet; also Mr. Griffiths, a distinguished Irish Civil Engineer.

An action was brought in the British Admiralty Court, by the owners of the American ship Loaundier, against the steamer North American, to recover damages for the loss of the Loaundier by the recent collision of Holypole. A verdict was given against the steamer, whose owners gave notice of an appeal to a higher court.

The London Stock Market had assumed more buoyancy. Consols were gradually recovering from the depression caused by the Ministerial crisis, but closed flatly at quotations. Money continues abundant, and the demand light. The Bank of England has made no alteration in its rates.

D'Israeli has issued his address to the Electors of Bucks, offering himself for the fifth time for re-election. The following passage occurs in his address: "The circumstances of the country are in many respects critical, and in none more so than in its external relations. Painful misconceptions have arisen with the Government of that faithful and powerful ally, who in so many instances has proved his good feeling and fidelity to this country. Believing as I am that those who frankly appeal to heaven and earth against the attempted murder of a tyrant, and do quietly witness, without a single word of indignation, the lasting murder of a whole people in Rome, none has a right of taxing Orsini with dishonesty, theft, or collusion. The agents of Louis Napoleon ought to be contented with beheading his enemies, without calumniating them."

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The China Mail of yesterday has brought correct statistics of the tea trade for the past year. The total exports were 35,500,000 lbs., against 42,400,000 lbs. last year, and 54,800,000 lbs. at the same period of 1856.

It is remarked in the Daily News' city article that, with the present rates of exchange with the chief centres of European commerce, by far the largest proportion of gold imported here will be sent to the Continent as fast as it comes in, but this does not imply that the stock of bullion in the bank has not yet reached its highest point.

Advices from Calcutta are, in all respects, satisfactory. Government securities had risen four to five per cent., and although the five per cent. were still quoted as low as ten per cent. discount, confidence among native holders was evidently reviving.

CAPTURE OF CANTON.—The Cantonese submitted and evacuated the city on the 30th of December.

The Governor of Canton was taken prisoner, as well as Yeh and the Tartar General. The Governor Pibique, was subsequently installed as Vice Governor of the city, with powers similar to those wielded by Yeh. The allies were to continue their protectorate until satisfactory terms were made with the Government. A commission, composed of two Englishmen and one Frenchman, had been charged with the supervision of the Government, and had issued a proclamation inviting the people to return, and assuring them of protection.

At the departure of the mail, everything was quiet, and there was a fair prospect of the taking off of the blockade and of the resumption of trade within a week.

In the assault upon Canton there were numerous hand-to-hand encounters. The British lost 100, and the French 30, in killed and wounded. A large amount of treasure was captured, but plunder was forbidden.

At Shanghai, a large business had been done in tea, but sales were checked by English advice. Freight rates were unaltered.

At Foo Choo, the duty question had been settled by the acceptance of Mexican dollars at two per cent. discount.

The ships-of-war Minnesota, Mississippi,

Portsmouth, and San Jacinto, were at Hong Kong, on January 14th.

INDIA.—Jung Bahadur captured Gourna, killing two hundred rebels and capturing seven guns.

The town and fort of Maghir had been taken from the rebels.

Sir Colin Campbell was gathering his strength for his entry into Oude, when the final struggle and a determined resistance was anticipated.

The Calcutta money market had improved, and the Bank of Bengal had reduced its rates one per cent.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Globe, understands that Cowley will be continued as English Ambassador to France.

The health of Marshal Soult is said to be in a precarious state, and paralysis was feared.

The new French penal law had passed the Legislative body, by a vote of 224 yeas to 24 nays.

It was stated that the French camp at Chalone, next year, will number 50,000 men, or double the amount of last year.

Letters from Paris represent that a better feeling existed with regard to relations with England, founded upon the appointment of Lord Malmesbury to the Foreign Office, and the personal friendship existing between the Emperor and D'Israeli.

An immense number of arrests, it is said, have recently been made in Paris and the Provinces, among them three members of the Paris bar, belonging to the Republican party.

The Times correspondent writes: "It is said that the last instructions given to M. de Perigny were of a very conciliatory character, and if rumor speaks true, evince the greatest desire to maintain the cordial relations based on the alliance between the two countries." It is said that several persons were arrested in Paris on the night of the 22d ult. The trial of the conspirators commenced on the 23d ult., before the Court of Assizes of the Seine—the indictment is very lengthy and circumstantial.

The prisoners are all young men, with the exception of Pierry, who is middle-aged. All seemed composed, and listened with attention.

Lord John Manners, Attorney General, Viceroy of Ireland—The Earl of Eglington. Chief Secretary—Lord Nasas.

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The members of the Government not in the Cabinet include the Duke of Montrose as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Cairns as Solicitor General; Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald as Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Earl Cameron as Under Secretary of the Colonies; Lord Hardinge as Under Secretary of War, &c. Mr. Loftus C. Ottway is appointed British Minister to Mexico, and A. R. J. S. Lumley Secretary of Legation at Madrid.

THE PET OF THE LAW.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Ever since I can remember, up to the period when I reached fifty years of age, I was a thief; not an amateur occasional thief, not one of those impulsive fallen respectabilities who do some piece of inartistic crime, and then are sorry for it; but a regular professional trained thief, who was, and is still, proud of his profession. I believe my family, on my mother's side, is related to the great Jerry Abernethy; so I have an additional warrant for my pride; my paternal grandfather was hanged, and died game, at Tyburn; there is a ballad about him, which I sing when I am in the humor. My father and mother are both in Hobart Town; my father was transported for burglary; and my mother, who had saved a good sum of money, went out there as a settler, and oddly enough, hired my father as a gardener—or something of that sort—from the authorities. Every three months, I believe, she sends in a certificate of his good behavior to the Governors of the penal settlement, and he is allowed, in consequence, to remain unmolested in his servitude.

I am married, and have four children, three boys and a girl, all thieves, and all, I am happy to say, at this present time doing well. The girl, aged nineteen, has a decided talent for shoplifting, and I have had proposals for her hand from a celebrated housebreaker (I must not mention names,) which I shall certainly accept, as it will be a very good match. I have also apprenticed my youngest boy, aged twelve, to this artist, to learn his branch of the trade, and I hear very satisfactory accounts of the lad's progress. My next boy, aged fifteen, who has taken quite naturally to the pickpocket and church business, has just returned, after a twelvemonths' imprisonment in the Model Prison, as plump as a butcher, and looking as if he had been at the sea side for a long season. My oldest son, aged twenty-two, is out on a ticket-of-leave; and we often talk together about the way in which he interested the chaplain in his welfare. He said he thought he could be of immense service in trying to convert his family from the evil course they had adopted, and the chaplain and the governor of the prison—the governor of the new school—thought he could. To do the young man justice, he mentioned the subject once or twice when he came home; but I think he broke down when he pretended to prove to his sister, in the presence of the chaplain, that needwork was, in the long run, more profitable than shoplifting. What effect his arguments might have had if he could have devoted more time to enforcing them, I cannot tell; but he cut a great deal, especially at night, and is doing very well, to judge by the money that I have seen him with lately. The rumor that he was the man who gave the gentleman that ugly blow the other night in the fog, I treat with the contempt that it merits. A man is innocent until proved guilty before a jury of his countrymen. My wife is not altogether undistinguished in the profession, (you may remember the great plate robbery at Lord Mumbleby's, in which she was concerned,) but I will not dwell upon that. I did not marry her for her virtues, but her talents, but to secure her from coming against me as evidence at any time.

Our business—the business of thieving—does not differ from any other business in which the profits are high and the risk proportionately great. We go into it, knowing exactly what forces are arrayed against us. Some men prefer the army; some, gold-mining; some, the excitement of the Stock Exchange; some, the delirium of the turf. I, and a very numerous body of fellow-professionals, prefer thieving. It is not my place—although I have retired with a comfortable competency from the trade—to make any disclosures that would lead to greater stringency in the law, and greater severity towards us on the part of its administrators. I have a family to bring up, and my duty to them imposes upon me a certain reserve; but still the gratitude that I feel to the public, the law-makers, and the judges, for all their kindness and consideration to our class—their love of what they call fair play, their respect for the time-honored maxim of "honor among thieves," and their hatred of anything un-English—implies me to undeceive them upon some points.

In the first place, we are not a miserable class, hunted from house to house, squandering ill-gotten gains in a reckless, ignorant manner, and seeing the frowning face of offended justice ever at our heels. That face may appear very stern to the amateur vagabond, but it has no terrors for the regular thief. He has learned to measure it at what it is worth; to strip it of its theatrically awful trappings and adjuncts; to lay bare the springs that move the fettered machine, and to hear in the mimic thunders of its voice the mandates of the law in which consideration for the thief predominates. While a certain class of innocent industry is starving in its garrets, we are luxuriating in rude and cheerful plenty in our cellars and taverns.

"All honor," says the virtuous orator, "to the noble, struggling workman, who endures bitter poverty rather than rush into crime." And so say I, but from a different motive. I know that the fewer persons there are in a trade, the greater will be the profits.

Many persons suppose that we detect the police, and look upon them as our bitterest enemies. On some occasions, I admit, we find them troublesome; but, generally, we consider them as wholesome checks upon the increase of unskillful thieves, who diminish the profits, without adding to the credit, of the profession.

The ordinary police force is not a very highly paid, highly educated, or highly intelligent class; and any man who knows his business, can easily avoid coming in contact with them.

As to the detectives, those awful men in plain clothes, and curious disguises, (which latter they might save themselves the trouble of putting on, as we know the wearers as well as our own fathers,) they benefit us by inspiring an unbounded faith in their efficiency in the public mind, and stopping the appointment of real preventive officers. The sum they require as a reward, if successful in tracing a crime, is another element of our security; as is also their plan of fostering the development of small thieves, until they become important criminals. They carefully tend the criminal fruit until it is rot-

ten with ripeness, and then—if it does not escape them—they shake it gently into the lap of justice; but they never rip it in the bud. Why should we be on unfriendly terms with such weak and agreeable guardians?

When I come to consider the rules of evidence, the comforts of prisons, and the general leniency of the criminal law and its administration, (and I have devoted a good deal of attention to these subjects during my retirement,) I cannot believe that any one is in earnest for the suppression of our class, but that we are considered worthy of preservation as providers of wholesome excitement, employers of capital in a peculiar direction, agents for the distribution of wealth, bodies to be experimented upon by the social philanthropist, problems to exercise the ingenuity of, and provide amusement for the legal mind, and members in that company which is conveniently styled "necessary evils." When I was engaged in the active duties of my profession, I was tried, for the first and only time in my life, in conjunction with the whole of my family—my wife and four children—for robbery of some magnitude. We were guilty, of course, but we had managed matters very artistically. My boys were not old, or so experienced as they are now, and when the magistrate cautioned us, at the preliminary examination, that we were not bound to say anything to criminate ourselves, the two youngest could scarcely believe what they heard, and thought, in their simplicity that we had all made an impression upon his worship. I remember having the same feeling myself when I heard the remark addressed to my father, on the occasion of his trial, many years before. The youngest lad was so overcome by this, to him, unexpected exhibition of legal tenderness, that if had not been for an additional caution from the worthy magistrate, and a sharp nudge from his mother, he would have there and then made a clean breast of the whole affair. That boy, like myself, and, I may say, all the family, is now a firm believer in the fact, that the law does not want to discover the truth, but only desires to give an opportunity for a display of legal learning and ingenuity.

When we came up for our trial at the Central Criminal Court, we were again put upon our guard, and very anxious the trial must have appeared to the spectators; for it annulled even me. There we stood in the dock, a very happy family—a father, mother, daughter, and three sons—all implicated in one crime, and all warned to hold our tongues, lest we should spoil the sport of the trial. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case with a highly ingenious speech, full of eloquent denunciation, but very empty of facts; and when he had finished, he proceeded to call witnesses in support of his charge. Several persons were examined without adding much to the previous knowledge of the case, for we had taken most elaborate precautions to shield ourselves from being proved guilty, although we could not avoid suspicion.

Once or twice, when some of the most absurd suppositions were put forward in place of better evidence, I thought we should all have burst out laughing in concert, they were so very wide of the mark. One witness at last succeeded in proving to the apparent satisfaction of the court, that on a certain night I was at a place which I never saw in my life; but as this supposed fact had nothing to do with the case, it was not of much benefit to the prosecution. Muddled by his ill-success, the prosecuting counsel wished, in defiance of law, to put a question to my daughter, but our solicitor at once objected to this, and the judge spoke up against it like a man, amidst a murmur of approbation that ran through the whole court. If they had put the question, I am afraid we should not have got off as we did, for my daughter is rather nervous, and could not have stood a cross-examination. But we were spared the trial, and the liberty of the subject was preserved.

The case lasted a long time, and during its progress some very pretty circumstantial evidence was adduced, which all fell to the ground bit by bit, under the vigorous blows of our solicitor. When the speech for the defence came, it was necessarily short, for there was really nothing of any moment to answer.

The summing-up of the judge was pleasant and dignified, with, of course, a little dash of the severity required by the duties of his position. But I cannot think that he was dissatisfied with his day's work; and the jury, who had been highly amused by the legal fencing displayed, and who—bless their hearts!—could not have put a question about the case to our happy family for the world, were glad to hurry over an acquittal, and get to their dinners.

I know that the public press are always writing against the dangerous classes of which I am a member; but seeing that we and our doings provide them with the most exciting staple of their news, I cannot think that they are sincere in the desire they express to put us down.

I cannot believe that a Bankruptcy Commissioner dislikes bankrupts; that an Insolvent Commissioner dislikes insolvents; that a public hangman dislikes murderers; or that a Chancery Judge dislikes wretched suitors; and seeing the leniency of the laws, the mode of criminal procedure, and the vast amount of employment that we thieves give to capital, I cannot believe that judges, juries, public officers, police, jailors, governors of prisons, jail chaplains, and legal practitioners, are at all earnest and interested in our extermination. So a long life and a merry one to all those honest gentlemen, and similarly to us!

FOR THE SUPERSTITIONS.—The Horticulturalist says that the melancholy scratch of the "Death Watch" (*Anomia*) loses all its terrors, when it is known that this ominous sound is not a voice, but the mere result of mechanical friction. You have only to send him a counter-scratch from your side of the wainscot, when, mistaking you for a brother *Anomia*, he returns the signal. Entomologists declare that they have been able to train *Anomia* to do this trick at pleasure, by first accomplishing them selves in the accurate mimicry of the sound.

15° To celebrate the late Royal Marriage, it took no less than one Archbishop, three Bishops, one Dean and one Rev. Doctor. We may confidently hope for the permanence of the knot that must have been drawn so tight by such a number of energymen pulling all together.

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THE OLD PSALM TUNE.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE

You asked, dear friend, the other day.
Why still my charmed ear
Rejoiceth in uncultured tone
That old psalm tune to hear?

I've heard full oft in foreign lands
The grand orchestral strain,
Where music's ancient masters live,
Revealed on earth again:

Where breathing, solemn instruments,
In swaying clouds of sound,
Bore up the yearning, tranced soul,
Like silver wings around;

I've heard in old St. Peter's dome,
When clouds of incense rise,
Most ravishing the choral swell
Mount upwards to the skies.

And well I feel the magic power,
When skilled and cultured art
Its cunning webs of sweetness weaves
Around the captured heart.

But yet, dear friend, the' rudely sung
That old psalm tune hath still
A pulse of power beyond them all
My inmost soul to thrill.

Those halting tones that sound to you,
Are not the tones I hear;
But voices of the loved and lost
Then meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice—
Those were the words she sang;
I hear my brother's ringing tones,
As once they rung;

And friends that walk in white above
Come round me like a cloud,
And far above those earthly notes
Their singing sounds aloud.

They may be discord, as you say;
Those voices poorly sing;
But there's no discord in the strain
Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the best,
The calm and glorified;
Whose hours are one eternal rest
On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music, and accord;
Their souls and hearts keep time
In one sweet concert with the Lord—
One concert vast, sublime.

And thro' the hymns they sang on earth
Sometimes a sweetness falls
On those they loved and left below,
And softly homeward calls.

Bells from our own dear fatherland,
Borne trembling o'er the sea—
The narrow sea that they have crossed,
The shores where we shall be.

Oh, sing, sing on! beloved souls;
Sing care and griefs to rest;
Sing, till entranced we arise
To join you 'mid the best.

—Independent.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

It was amidst the chill, gray twilight of a November morning that I entered London for the first time since my departure from it in boyhood. I was now eighteen. A cold, sluggish mist filled the streets, rendering even the largest objects only dimly visible at a few paces distant. There were in those days no railways; our conveyance was the old four horse mail, with its customary burly driver. As we slowly made our way through the numberless, pauseless host of living things, there was something almost appalling in the din, at once so vast and so indistinct, which assailed the ear, whilst the area of vision was so circumscribed. Immediately before us, and so near that the leaders of our team were snatching mouthfuls of hay from its travelling stock, heaved and of course rumbled along, one of the broad wheeled wagons, the common conveyance in those days for heavy goods, with its ten inch tires and twelve huge horses, and loading of little less than as many tons; and yet through the din and clamor of the multitude of vehicles and beasts and men, which completely filled the great thoroughfare from the West country, by which I was entering London, no more noise seemed to proceed from its ponderous weight as it rolled over the rough granite blocks of the carriage-way, than from the ghostlike outline of the old stone church that stood on the street side, its steeple lost in the fog. Thousands and tens of thousands of forms in rapid and energetic motion, each individual and distinct; but of sounds individual and distinct none—only the one overwhelming mighty roar. Great droves of sheep and horned cattle all mud-spattered were pouring along toward Smithfield. Now a regiment of infantry in full marching order and narrow file came slowly, masking its tortuous way through the throng. By and by, turning everything but the heavy vehicles out of its course, glided by a gorgeous squadron of the Guards. But not the faintest sound of the horses' ironed hoofs; drummer, and trumpeter and trombonier, and the swart giant African with the cymbals, rode hopeless, their instruments at rest. Here light carriages, with postillions in scarlet cloth and gold lace; there heavy coaches carved and gilt, and embazoned with the arms of some of William the Conqueror's ears, bearing home the wealthy and beautiful from feast and dance, were to be seen jostled by costermongers' carts, dragged and barely dragged along by barebone donkeys and skeleton horses. Here the little "prentice boy," fresh from the country, was hurrying along to his place of business by the side of the millionaire of fifty years' citizenship; there strode between the belted woman and watercress girl the plumed and belted officer of one of the military detachments on duty at the parks or palaces; countrymen in their white frocks went slouching along toward the vegetable and grain markets amidst citizens busting along in their broadcloth; Jew old clotheshem, with their bags on their shoulders, and laborers and artisans and clerks hastening to their several

occupations. Now and then a female form, lately or perhaps even yet beautiful, slunk away round a corner into back streets, after a night of maddest carouse, madly undertaken to get rid of the maddening woe within; or again at intervals some other female form, veiled and mantled, moved meekly and steadily along at this early hour or some mission of duty, or homeward from some nightlong vigil of love. The throng such as to give the impression that no man could number it; the multitude of the thoroughfares, and the masses of edifices at once bewildering from their number, and astonishing from their magnificence; the marts, full of the costliest merchandise within, the streets ankle deep in mud without; spectacles myriadfold for the eye; but for the ear only one dull, indiscriminate Titanic roar. Such was London on the first morning I recollect it.

My own circumstances and conditions were as follows:—I had reached the age of eighteen years some few months previously. At that period my mother was alive. She was now dead. From infancy I had been a complete recluse from the active world. My father was a man of a highly peremptory cast of character; he was scrupulously conscientious; and religious to the full extent of his conceptions. It was his conviction that in educating—or endeavoring to educate—his children, religiously, he must prevent them from associating with the children of families whose standard of religious responsibility was below his own. The children of one solitary family were my only companions.

The eldest of this little group, my only juvenile associates, was a girl just a year younger than myself. I stood beside her long years afterward when the throes of death were doing their utmost to mar the grace of mortal form and feature; and she was beautiful then. I cannot suppose I erred very much in thinking her such in the rosate morn of girlhood, or wonder that I coveted to possess something so rich and rare.

My education, meantime, so far as education consists in the exercise and development of the strictly intellectual powers upon literary subjects, had been everything that it was possible to render it. I had access to two libraries of several thousand volumes each, and there was scarcely a volume with the substance of which I remained unacquainted. All the great books of Greece and Rome were there; all that is registered as classic since the departure of the dark ages and revival of letters in Europe. There were the pages of theology and of mathematics; of poetry and of criticism; of Christian and of heathen philosophies; of law and of all branches of natural science; of history and of metaphysics, all proffering their treasures to me from the first day on which I could read. And since the thought first occurred to me in after years, I have met with no greater enigma than that of how I contrived to read such immense quantities, and forget so little that I read.

Meantime there was this practical result:—I had no fixed sentiments on moral subjects; I was quite careless and skeptical as to religion; whatsoever there is base and corrupting in the world, I had comprehended from mythologies and the gorgeous lines of the ancient poets, with a force of realization as immeasurably beyond what would have accrued from associating with any quantity and class of boys of my own age, as the mighty plunge of Niagara surpasses the petty shot of some nameless country rill.

In one single point only had I the advantage of ordinary athletic exercise; there was always a horse at my command. Of course I made the best of that, and with saddle or without, with bridle or halter, or nothing, rode like a Cimicis Tartar.

My mother had always been to me something more than human. I remember now that at that time I never thought of an angel, but the angel had her mien, her lineaments, her tone. We were sitting one day in the library, she sewing, I occasionally reading to her; by and by, during a pause, as I was pondering some passage I had just read, she rose, quietly put down her work, and went away. At dinner time I heard she was indisposed. Next morning about day-break my father came to my apartment and awoke me. He tried to speak, but uttered nothing; but his look was enough.

"E'en such a man, so pale, so wobegone,

Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,

And would have told him half his Troy was burned,

But Priam found the fire ere his tongue."

The loss of my mother caused me the loss of my other chief companion. Elizabeth ceased to visit us, as she had been accustomed to do, daily. Seventeen years of age and finally emancipated from schools, she would form, I felt sure, some circle of intimates; and it appeared that etiquette would now cancel our name from the list, since we no longer had an adult female in the family. At length on the strength of a short, hasty note from her, the purport of which it proved, many years afterwards, that I had misunderstood, I concluded that she had withdrawn her regards from me to place them elsewhere. "Farewell home; farewell all," was my next word. Before midnight I was on the mail, for the metropolis.

A slight illness which had happened when I was about seventeen, had secured me much more liberty than I had ever previously been allowed. The physician desired me to take a great deal of exercise on horseback. I could ride across to the neighboring towns, and spend the day entirely free from surveillance. My usual direction on these occasions was to the seat of the adjacent university. There I soon formed an acquaintance as extensive as that which I had hitherto been accustomed to was limited.

If I were to say that at this period hard-drinking was part and parcel of an education at an English University, I should scarcely speak incorrectly. Dissipation frowned on at court, had consoled itself in finding a more cozy home amidst the Academic shades. George the Third, so unscrupulous and relentless in his principles as a monarch, was a pattern husband and father; chaste and tender in his affections, benevolent in his rule, and carefully mindful of all the forms of a pious example. It was one of those anomalies which human character so often presents, that whilst he was sanctioning the most haughty and arbitrary measures toward various sections of his people, he might be seen trudging, without a single attendant, through the streets of Windsor with his Queen

on his arm, shopping and chatting with the tradesmen as familiarly and pleasantly as a brother. There was even wont to be such a legend prevalent—"Ditis magni sub memini"—as that the royal housewife and her lord at times imposed on themselves after the dignities of state were done with for the day, the epicurean servility of frying their own sprats!

These better attributes of the characters of his parents would be looked for in vain in that of their eldest son.

Few of the present generation are aware of the immense injury done to the morals of the British people by George the Fourth. From his earliest days there was no extreme of vicious pleasures incident to youth into which he did not plunge. I had relations resident at Windsor, whom I had visited; and I thus had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the most notorious of the personal habits of that monarch. I will not allude to more than one of them—his reckless intemperance. Rumor said that it was no rare occurrence for the "heir apparent" to take up his lodging, after "a spree," on a truss of straw in the stables. Now almost within voice-sound from the royal flagstaff lies Eton College, one of Britain's ancient seats of learning; the primary school of thousands of the sons of the nobles, the gentry, and all the most influential people in the land. What was likely to be the effect of such an example from the Prince Royal? Was it extraordinary that in those times, young men grew up inveterate drunkards, gamblers, pugilists and libertines, and thought it no disgrace to be so? However regular my own early life had been by compulsion, I had nevertheless from merest boyhood learned to look on the excesses I have mentioned as indicative of a spirited character, and nothing worse than a liberal acquiescence in the ways of the world.

But it was not alone the more dazzling example of royalty which led me to look upon the excesses of the convivial party without distrust. Hard drinking has always been one of the standing vices of Northern Europe. And Britain is no exception. The middle class are the most free from it. The higher and the lower the examination is carried, the worse the case becomes. At the period I am writing of, the prevalence of the evil was about at its height. The rector of the parish adjoining ours was called "the two bottle man;" that is to say, when dining with friends at home or out, he drank his two bottles of good port wine. On ordinary occasions he would probably not exceed one. It will be admitted that it was no unaccountable thing for a youth of my age to learn to regard the drinking of a few glasses of wine without much horror, when he saw a clergyman, further dignified with the title of "Doctor of Divinity" standing up on the Sabbath evening and officiating with a dozen glasses of port beneath the broad scarlet shawl of his colleague degree that he wore over the white surplice of his Ministry. I knew of two ministers in another section of the church, and living but a short distance from us, both of whom were great smokers. One of them seldom used less than three quarts of strong ale in the day; and the other would despatch a dozen glasses of various sorts of drinks—wine, beer, brandy and water, &c., between dinner time and the close of the evening. Out of a hundred farmers gathered on a market day, there were not ten but drank very freely. Every house, even among the most religious class of people, had its barrels of beer and strong ale in the cellar, and its decanters of wine and various sorts of spirits in the sitting-room. Protestant England is deeply indebted to Father Mathew than to any divine of her own church for many years back.

There was another influence which had helped on this laxity of my moral sentiments in the matter in hand; and what it did in my case I believe it has done in millions of cases besides. I refer to the writings of the poets. From the time of the first Greeks, where is there an age in which the great bulk of the poets have not spoken of the excesses of the social board with favor?

The above facts indicate with sufficient accuracy my own character and conditions when I arrived in London. In a short time I was persuaded to take a compositor's case in a printing office. The house was a very large one, but confined only to the religious branch of the trade. This circumstance was, of course, no very attractive one to me then. Like many more of the largest houses of business in London it was situated in one of the meanest thoroughfares of the city;—another not very soothsaying attribute to one accustomed to a picturesque rural residence. Here I continued about three months, and then left. The monotony of the physical routine, and the strict exactitude of attendance required were more than my mind, so long undisciplined and alien to business, could become suddenly inured to. The substitution of another branch of the business was soon afterwards proposed to me by my friends, and I entered the office of the Messrs. Valpy, the great classical printers of England, as a proof reader. There I had no physical labor to perform, but was employed wholly in reading Latin and Greek proofs. Speedily again I decided that the occupation did not suit me and abandoned it. In short, to thought and study I had been injured, and every other occupation was strange and uncongenial to me. It was not within my power suddenly to recast my own character.

From this time I began to take my own way. My father attempted no further interference with me. He supplied the money and I spent it. Beyond that, we had no cognizance for months together of each other's existence. What his principle of action was I cannot tell. The effect, so far as relates to myself, was mainly this:—I reversed my former mode of life, and lived wholly in the streets. If I breakfasted in the city, I dined at the West End; and if I took tea in St. James's, I took supper in St. Giles's. My main occupation consisted in examining the form and countenance of every human being I met. There is nothing more than that the outward traits of every living thing constitute the similitude and parallelism of its spiritual nature.

One dark and stormy evening, the streets flooded with rain, the wind bursting up with wild gusts through the avenues that lead from Fleet street and the Strand down to the river, I was strolling along the line of those thoroughfares.

The rain no longer fell; and a few steps in front of me walked at about the same pace as myself, an old but athletic and gentlemanly-looking man in the drab great-coat of a wealthy suburban farmer. In the opposite direction approached two tall and elegant females, both of them young, but one of them very young indeed. Owing to the rain, the streets were almost clear of foot passengers, and the brilliant light from some jewellers' and drapers' shops close at hand, fell full on the scene. As the parties in front of me reached each other, the youngest girl letting go her companion's arm, and starting back a step, uttered a shriek that reverberated along the whole street, and then threw herself on her knees upon the muddy pavement, with her arms clasped around the old gentleman. There was an instant of motionlessness of all the parties. In the next he fiercely tore her arms from around him, and hurried her reeling into the middle of the miry road, among the rushing wheels and the trampling feet of the horses; doubled his pace and was gone. Her wild exclamations on recovering from her swoon, revealed to us that the stranger was her father.

A few words more, before I pass from this subject, respecting the young creature whose hapless lot it refers to. Her name, since I shall have to mention her again, was Margaret G——. She was a perfect human flower; one who might have been the very jessamine of the homestead, that at evening should have greeted the owner of some happy heart with the first embrace, and at morn ushered him forth to the toils of life with the last caress; and whether he toiled or rested, whether by night or day, have shed the influence of her loveliness and fragrance perpetually upon his soul; exquisitely feminine; well advanced in all womanly scholarship; but as ignorant of guile and as unsuspecting as a young bird; tall, agile, pensive; her hair a mass of dark auburn film; her eyes so quaint and elegant that her womanly intuition, which we all know is a sort of inspiration from the super-sensible, would never permit any object to approach them; her eyes—heart-eyes—uttering what the lips would not or could not say: a nose about which the geometric figure of the world might have contended to whom I domain it belonged; mouth and chin small, but statuary; and through the transparent mouth the oval wrist, the smallest ramifications of the blue vein was visible. Now let us look forward. Somewhat more than two years later I saw her for the first time, I saw her for the last, —doling out a share of my little bands to her at parting. In two years more where was she? I have had it from the best professional authority, that the average career of these forsaken creatures does certainly not exceed six years. Some of remarkably vigorous organization and cautious character, sustain the life for seven or eight years. Others, and these the multitude, go off at four or five. But it is no unfrequent case for drogery and other forms of temperance to do their work in a few months. However, for Margaret we will make the calculation as favorably as the laws of probability will permit. Let us say that her delicate organism sustained the awful encounter; and, indeed, that was far from likely—for some four years altogether; that two full years elapsed after I saw her for the last time before the grim eye of her hideous doom smit her to the death. And then?—The public hospital. And then?—The ghastly dead-house. And then?—The dissecting room. And then?—A cold and filthy grave. Oh, man of God! oh, lady swathed in silks and furs, bedecked with gold and jewels, thyself a costly jewel, and metal of a richer mine. Mercy, pity for these poor outcasts, if thou wouldst get the same for thyself from God at the day of final account. Is it none of your business? Whose then is it? Is every Magdalene to have a new Christ? Did our divine Redeemer come to do our duties for us, or to show us how and where to perform them ourselves? Enough. You see it; you feel it. May God guard thee, as thou guardest on to perfection and act, that gracious emotion of thy soul!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOT OF LOVE.

Oh! was there ever tale of human love,
Which was not also tale of human woe?
Died not sweet Desdemona? sorrow'd not
Fair, patient Imogen? and she whose name
Lives among lovers, Sappho silver-voiced,
Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre
Ended forever in the dull deafness?
Must it be thus? oh! must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the drop? Is there no story,
No legend, no love-passage, which shall end
Even the bow that God hath bent in heaven,
O'er the sad waste of mortal histories,
Promising respite to the rain of tears?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A HUNTSMAN EATEN BY HIS OWN HOUNDS.—Actæon was worried to death by his own dogs. We have been used to regard the story as a fable. It seems to have fact for its basis. We infer from it that the ancients must have had regular packs as we have. Mr. Fargherston's hounds, it seems, have actually eaten up their keeper. The incident is very horrible. It renders it doubtful whether it can be by the smell that hounds recognize their master. It seems to go to them in the dark and without his clothes, and it is said they did not know him. But surely the ordinary effluvia of the body would be even stronger without his clothes. The inference is that the discrimination of dogs is more delicate and varied than supposed. The gaze, so to speak, of the smell, must have been stronger at the time the keeper was attacked than before, but wanting some other odors which to the apprehension of the hounds made up his entity.—London Dispatch.

LETTER SUPERSCRIPTIONS.—Formerly a direction was an academy of compliments. "To the most noble and my singularly respected friend," &c., and then "Hastie! hastie for your life, hastie!" Now we have banished even the monosyllable to! Henry Conway, Lord Hertford's son, who is very indolent, and has much humor, introduced the abridgment. Writing to Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus:—"T. T. Temple," and it was delivered. Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed, "To Dr. Bentley, in England."—Horace Walpole.

SPIRIT VOYAGING.

The soft wind bloweth, the blithe stream floweth
To paradiseal airs:
Where are we going? there's no knowing,
And who among us cares?
Then row! brothers, row! for merrily, ho!
The wild birds sing and the wild winds blow.
The soul that is wary the land of fairy
Never, never may find;
But the stream grows dark, and the black wood
stark.
And shrill the icy wind.
Then row! brothers, row! for brighter grow
The woods and the flowery banks as we go.
Oh, fragrant the showers of leaves and of flowers
That greet us passing along!
While under the wave, such stary caves
Send up its fairy song;
And lo! brothers, lo! more rosily glow
The sky above and the plain below.

—Brereton.

NICARAGUAN MARRIAGE.

A young Nicaraguan beauty would have many favored lovers; but, after a time, bethinking her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would ask her father to give her a portion of land near to where he lived. When he had appointed what land she should have, she would call her lovers together, and tell them that she wished to marry, and to take one of them as her husband; that she did not possess a house; but that she desired that they would build her one on the land which her father had given her. The prudent damsel did not hesitate to enter into details as to the kind of a house she wished to have built, and would add that, if they loved her well, the house would be built by such a day, giving them a month or six weeks to complete it in. To one she would give the charge of furnishing the wood-work; to another, to find the canes which were to form the walls; to another, to provide the cordage; to another, to gather the straw for the roof; to another, to procure the dried fat to stock the house; to another, to get deer and pigs for her; to another, to collect maize. This work was usually put in hand with the utmost promptitude, nor was the least thing dispensed with that she had asked for. On the contrary, anxious to show their zeal to the lady of their affections, they sometimes brought double of what had been demanded. Their friends and relations

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE KANSAS DEBATE.

THE VOLUNTEER BILL, &c.

SENATE.

On the 5th, Mr. Wilson (Mass.) submitted a resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of amending the law punishing the crime of enlisting soldiers to desert. Adopted.

Mr. Green (Missouri) intimated that he would call for a direct vote on the Kansas Bill on Monday next.

Mr. Doolittle (Wisconsin) resumed his speech commenced on Thursday last. He referred to the extraordinary statement of the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Hammond) charging the North with breaking its plighted faith, and plundering the South by means of national banks and tariffs. It was not the North, he replied, that repudiated the compact of 1787 or the compromise of 1820. As to national banks and tariffs, he showed, from record, that the greatest statesman of the South (John C. Calhoun) supported the very tariff he (Mr. Hammond) complained of. He also voted for a national bank, and supported internal improvements. Referring to Mr. Hammond's estimate of the relative resources of the North and South, he said the hay crop of the United States surpassed in value the whole Cotton crop of the South. And as to the taunt that Northern laborers were slaves, he stated that his (Doolittle's) own father was a laborer, and other gentlemen on that floor stood in the same category, and asked if he and they were to be branded as sons of slaves. He then passed to the Kansas question, and examined the claims of the two Constitutions, the Topeka and Lecompton, contending that the latter was invalid, because the Kansas-Nebraska Act conferred no power to call a Convention, while the former grew out of a revolutionary appeal to the people themselves, and was perfectly legal. In answer to the question, why did not the Free State men of Kansas, if in the majority, vote for Delegates to the Convention, he showed by numerous familiar facts that in many cases they could not vote in consequence of several counties being disfranchised; also, that they had been solemnly assured that the Constitution would be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection. This assurance was given by Calhoun himself, as well as by Buchanan, in his Message, and through his chosen organs, Walker and Stanton. He denied the correctness of the President's assertion, that when the slavery clause was submitted, all was done that was necessary. There were many other questions; for instance the action relative to Banks—and the "Know-Nothing" clause, requiring the Governor to be a citizen for twenty years, &c. He further denied that the slavery clause was ever fairly—that is fully—submitted. He then sketched the current events, since it was first proposed to repeal the Missouri Compromise, instating the Atkinson meeting in Missouri, which passed a resolution that Missouri would extend her institution over Kansas at whatever cost of blood, and contending that these meetings, as well as the Lecompton instrument itself, were direct fruits of that repeal. The programme of these meetings had been carried out in full. Missourians, with Bowie-knives and revolvers, had invaded Kansas, usurped the Legislature, and, in three days, enacted the whole code established at those meetings. There stands the appalling fact! No mantle of shame is wide enough to cover it! One more act only is wanting. Pass this act, and history will declare that in the same year when despotic Russia emancipated her slaves, republican America, trampling upon her principles of independence, imposes a Constitution upon her territories extending the evil!

Mr. Foster (Connecticut) said he would never assent to the admission of another State, north of 36° 30', into the Union with a slavery Constitution. He considered himself bound by the ordinance of 1787, and he would never recognize its repeal. Referring to the seventh article of the Lecompton Constitution, asserting the right of property in slaves, he said the principle there enunciated was a reprobation to the age. He read the clause in the Constitution providing for its change, and contended that the direct meaning of it was, that the people may alter everything, but the slavery clause—Slavery is to be perpetual. Establish that Constitution, and it can never be abolished, excepting with the consent of every slaveholder in the State.

Mr. Mason (Virginia) asked if the Senator understood that Congress has power to look into the State Constitution, with the view of determining the relations of persons held in servitude. He asked for the information of his constituents, as to the Senator's views.

Mr. Foster explained that if the Territory within it principles at war with liberty, Congress had a right to reject it.

Mr. Mason said this reply threw a flood of light on the principles acting the Republican party. If he understood the Senator, Congress had the power to decide whether Government was republican in form, and if it established slavery, it was not republican.

Mr. Foster—not republican?

Mr. Foster, not recognizing the principles of freedom. He was not prepared to go to the extreme extent that the State may be excluded on the ground alone that it recognized slavery.

Mr. Foster concluded by saying that he would not vote for the bill admitting Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

The Senate then went into Executive Session.

The Executive Session occupied two hours and a half.

On the nomination of Mr. Cork, for Postmaster of Chicago, an earnest debate was engaged in.

On the 9th, Mr. Houston, of Texas, presented the joint resolutions, passed by the Texas Legislature, relative to a Southern State Rights Convention, in the event of the rejection of the Lecompton Constitution by Congress.

The Senate took up the Kansas Bill.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, said that no subject of equal importance had been under consideration since he had occupied a seat in the Senate. He regretted that it had been made a party question, because there was no despotism on earth like a party despotism. He had felt it, but he thanked God he was a freeman now. He had no eulogy to bestow on the Union. It needs none. Its eulogy was written in the past. He then replied to the statements of Mr. Hammond, arranging his remarks under three distinct heads:

First—The faith of the South, and the manner she kept it.

Second—The capacity of the South for a separate and distinct government.

Third—The character of the laboring masses of the North.

He said, that in speaking to these points, he should be compelled to use the term "the South," put into my mouth by the Senator from South Carolina, but in his heart he knew "no North, no South, no East, no West." We are citizens of one common country. The North mean to stick to the Union; they do not mean to go out of it, and neither does the South. It has ever broken its plighted faith, and he was at a loss to know what the plighted faith of the South meant.

The session had broken its legislative faith with respect to tariffs, by attempting to break down the North after it had invested its capital in manufactures. With reference to Mr. Hammond's question, "what guarantee has the South that the North will not establish

another national bank?" Mr. Hamlin replied by asking another question, "what guarantee has the North that the South will not saddle them with a national bank?" Indeed, he expected to see the day when the South would seek protection in a tariff. He then combated at length the modern doctrine promulgated by the South, that the General Government was founded on the principle of slavery; but which he contended, on the other hand, was an abandonment of the principles of her fathers. Proceeding to the Missouri Compromise question, he said that was the work of the South, and she was jubilant over its success; the North merely acquiesced. Who repeated it, after repeating its benefits? The South. A fine instance of southern faith. He then reviewed the Dred Scott decision, treating upon its many fallacies and inconsistencies, and saying in conclusion:—"The judges who gave it will rank in infamy, in the pages of history, with J. J. J. In viewing the history of the admission of Texas into the Union, he said that State was admitted on the basis of the Missouri Compromise, without which it could not have been admitted. The North was induced to vote for it because it was declared that north of 36° 30' there was territory in which she would have three free States. The South obliterated that line in 1854, and was that good faith? Analyzing the present character of the Democratic party, he said it was now in the leading-strings of a few prominent Southern men. South Carolina ruled it. Mr. Calhoun's resolutions, offered in the days of compromise, but scouted from the Senate, are now the governing principles in Congress. Nullification now reigns supreme in that party. It has got the Senate, the House, the President, and the Supreme Court. Democracy had even improved upon these principles, and was about to declare, in passing the Lecompton Constitution, that white men have no majorities when they are bound to respect. Mr. Hamlin controverted Mr. Hammond's assertion that there were more poor people in the North than in the South, contending that in the latter, notwithstanding the large numbers of its paupers that were thrown upon the North the poor people of the South still preponderated. In support of this position he quoted the opinions of southern writers, including Mr. Hammond himself.

He next passed to the consideration of Mr. Hammond's assertion, that the white laborers of the North were slaves. He said the Senator quite misapprehended the character of the northern laborers. He (Hamlin) claimed to be a laboring man. He was educated in a printing office. He now toiled in his fields, earning by the sweat of his brow the food he eats. Another Senator, his friend, was also a laborer. They were representatives of the laborers of the North.

Without concluding his speech, Mr. Hamlin gave way to an Executive Session.

On the 10th, the resolution to pay the legal representatives of the late Senators Butler, Bell, and Rusk, full compensation to the time of their deaths was passed.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, resolution, to print only 10,000 copies of the last year's Patent Office Report, was taken up and discussed.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, expressed himself in favor of stopping the printing of the reports altogether.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi—Stop the franking privilege and you will get rid of all these books. No publisher in the United States would publish them if offered the copyrights gratis.

Mr. Tombs, of Georgia, would abolish the franking privilege.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, moved to postpone the question indefinitely. Lost.

The resolution was finally amended, limiting the book to one volume of 800 pages, and, as amended, was passed. The resolution provided for the printing of 1,000 copies of the Patent Office Report on Mechanics.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, resumed his speech from yesterday. Having finished a defense of the Northern laborers, he proceeded to examine Mr. Hammond's assertion that the wealth of the nation consists in exports, denying the truth of the proposition, and showing that the hundred millions of cotton exported by the South, no more proved that that sum represents the surplus profits, after paying all demands, than does the eight hundred millions, the value of Northern manufactures, indicate that amount of Northern surplus of wealth. The exports have to pay for the imports consumed—therefore they cannot be profit or surplus wealth. The South consumes all the product of its exports. And yet Mr. Hamlin, assuming \$212,000,000 as the total exports of the South claims that amount is surplus wealth. He (Mr. Hamlin) might with as much propriety contend that amount of imports shows a surplus wealth, insomuch as the imports assume the ability to produce enough to balance the imports.

Mr. Hamlin proceeded to show the fallacy of both positions, citing statistical tables, comparing the exports and imports of the North and South. He next proceeded to examine the true source of the national wealth, as indicated by the schools, population, agriculture, manufactures, shipping, railroads, capacity for war, &c., giving the figures to show the relative strength of the two sections in these resources. On manufactures, the aggregate net profit of the South was \$79,000,000, and of the North \$376,000,000. As to the capacity to build ships and railroads, and for war, he denied that these were the true indices of national greatness, though they were to some extent. Taking them as such, he showed by figures a preponderance in favor of the North of ten to one in ship tonnage, and upwards of five to one in railroads. While, as to the capacity for war, he showed, in the revolutionary war, the North contributed 218,000 men to 71,000 by the South. He denied that the Southerners were a greater people with respect to defects in war, but he had not thought that "any particular institution" would be harmless in such an event. How was it with South Carolina in the war of this country? She was repeatedly asked for men, and always fell short of her quota. In 1779 she was asked for some, and she furnished it. He did not state these facts to disparage that State, God forbid, but when Southern Senators thrice disengaged upon the North, he felt justified in quoting facts and figures as evidences of what she has done. He then passed to a discussion of the Kansas Bill, stating the points which would control his vote. He objected to the coupling of Minnesota with Kansas. We had already given a pledge to admit her without reference to Kansas. He objected to Mr. Seward's amendment as impracticable, but accepted that of Mr. Clark. Referring to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he denounced it as a scheme for the extension of slavery and nothing else. He would not tax the Senators who voted for that measure with personal motives, but the extension of slavery was palpably the design and intention of that repeal, and we have the result in the measure before us. Considering the question relative to constitutions, he contended that until approved by the people, they were not worth the blank paper they were written on. The Lecompton Constitution had not been so approved, and in fact, the people of Kansas on the 4th of January rejected it by an overwhelming majority, and would have spat upon it. We are now attempting to force it upon the people under the forms of law. The Son of Man was crucified under the forms of law, and no act save that of the Crucifixion could equal

Mr. Sebastian, of Ark., read a speech in favor of the bill, but in so low a tone that it was impossible to hear him distinctly.

The Senate went into Executive Session.

On the 11th, Mr. Cameron (Pennsylvania) presented a memorial from the citizens of Pennsylvania, favoring the establishment of a line of mail steamers between Philadelphia and Brazil.

He also submitted a resolution calling on the President for the instructions sent to the United States Marshal for Utah.

Mr. Polk (Missouri) spoke in favor of the

admission of Kansas into the Union. She had all the requisites for admission, with a Constitution which no one, excepting the Senator from Connecticut, denies to be republican in form. That instrument is the deliberate choice of the people in pursuance of the law, and possesses all the forms necessary to insure the free expression of the people. Congress could require nothing more, so long as the Constitution is republican. In this respect, he considered it as unexceptionable as that of any State.

Mr. Polk then proceeded to explain away the alluded election frauds and irregularities, denying the statements of Governor Walker, Secretary Stanton, and others, that the majority of the voters had been disfranchised, or that the Missourians had invaded the polls in Kansas. There was no necessity, he contended, for such a course, as enough pro-slavery men were already in the territory to control the polls. As to armed invasions from Missouri, he thought Senators who reiterated such stories concerning them were practising on the credulity of the country. That the Missouri immigrants should have gone to Kansas armed, may have seemed strange and startling to the immigrants from the poor-houses and tombs of the eastern cities, but to people acquainted with frontier life it was nothing unusual.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, got the floor. Ad-journed.

Mr. Polk was under no obligation to the Democratic party, but having watched the course of that party and the President on this measure, he felt compelled to accord to them his support. He here went into a personal explanation. He referred to his former position in the Whig party, and his allegiance to the "Know Nothing," saying he rejoiced to have the opportunity of defending the latter on the floor of the Senate. He then passed to the subject immediately before the Senate. He should vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, because, he believed, before God, that was rightfully done. "Squatter sovereignty" and "alien suffrage," he said, were principles he abhorred. He concluded by saying that Kansas might alter her Constitution, if she pleased, the same as Maryland did three days ago.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, got the floor. Ad-journed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 8th, Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, presented a resolution providing for an inquiry into the facts attending the seizure by the French government of the bark Adriatic. The resolutions provide for obtaining redress to the owners of the bark, and for the prevention of similar proceedings.

Mr. Taylor contended that no Court of a foreign country had the right to condemn an American vessel for failure to carry lights, in the absence of an American law requiring such a practice. This act of France was an attack upon our sovereignty, and an infringement on the law of nations. He thought that, owing to the important principle involved, immediate steps should be taken by the government relative to the matter.

The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Beacock, of Va., replied to Mr. Milligan's speech concerning the legitimacy of the construction of the Kansas-Nebraska act did not encourage Territorial sovereignty, and that the Lecompton Constitution was the work of the people of Kansas.

Mr. Dawes, of Mass., criticized the President's Special Kansas Message, denouncing the Lecompton Constitution as a creature of frauds, and the legitimate fruits of slavery. Ad-journed.

On the 9th, the consideration of Mr. Quimby's Volunteer Bill was resumed.

Mr. Faquier, of Va., said he was opposed to sending volunteers to Utah. He believed that, if placed at the disposal of the President, he would not find occasion to use them. He thought the proposition for the employment of volunteers to be dictated by the outside press, rather than the convictions of sound military policy.

Mr. Faquier contended that the employment of volunteers would be appealing to the passions of the country, and setting a precedent of carrying death and desolation to our own citizens, which would be prolific of the most disastrous future consequences. The war in Utah was a war against the people on account of their religion, and whoever engaged in such war, whether a volunteer or regular, would be guilty of murder. The Executive has plainly

Pending the consideration of the question, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, in discussing the constitutional power of Congress to admit new States, defined his views on political government; contrary to the views of some of his friends; he believed that the people of Kansas cannot change the constitution prior to 1864.

Mr. Stephens, of Va., asked Mr. Keitt how he reconciled that declaration with the expression in another part of the Lecompton Constitution, that the people have a right to alter that instrument.

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CONVERSION OF "AWFUL" GARDNER.
In the religious revival now going on in New York, it seems that "Awful" Gardner, the notorious scoundrel has been converted. The following is the account, as reported in the Tribune:

Mr. Purdy was followed in an exhortation by Mr. Halsted, who gave a full account of the recent conversion of "Awful" Gardner at Port Chester. After alluding to the fact that Gardner's wife was a Christian woman, and that he had attended upon the revival that was now progressing and was frequently importuned by her and others to seek salvation and forsake the sinful life he had been leading, Mr. Halsted continued the narrative as follows:

"A Christian who had been laboring with him said—'Now, Mr. Gardner, don't you feel as if you ought to change your course of life?' Said he, 'I do.' Then," he asked, "why don't you do so?" "Well," said Gardner, "I can't begin now!" "Why not now?" "I have some matters in New York to settle up first." "Ah," said the gentleman, "but you had better settle with your Maker first." "Well," said Gardner, "I am going to the city to-morrow morning, and when I return I will seek salvation." Well, in the morning he had his carpetbag ready to start, but, said he, "I guess I will wait until to-morrow evening," and so he kept putting it off until to-morrow for a week. The spirit of God had kept him there. On Friday night he went to the meeting, and while he was there the minister said to him, "Hadn't you better make up your mind to come forward and seek salvation?" "Well," said he, "if I told that that I would—" referring to a man who showed his desire to be saved, but was not yet converted. "Ah," said brother Gilbert, "your case is more critical than his." "Do you think I'm?" said he. "Yes; you know your duty and will not do it." Gardner went home that night. "I don't like the remark the minister made," said he, "and I won't stay if he thinks I'm in that condition." His wife said he didn't sleep that night. He twisted and rolled about as if in great distress. He again put off going to the city. He said to another friend, "I am not satisfied with the life I have led. I am going, by the grace of God, to change my course; I am going to try and be a different man." On Wednesday he came forward and knelt down, but he didn't get converted then. He didn't get converted the next day—and in the meantime the members had begun to frown at the sinful men who had known him and came and filled the gallery, saying, "Let's see what's going on." But he didn't flinch. He knelt at the altar, but again he was not converted. He said to the minister, "What does this mean?" "Ah," said the minister, "God means to give you such a struggle that you will never forget it. He means to use you as a means of converting others." On Monday afternoon they got him in a private house. He prayed so that nearly all of that part of the town gathered about the house. "What is that?" said they. "It's Gardner praying for mercy." That was good, was it not? [Cries of "Amen."] I hope God will make some here pray. On Monday night he went again to the altar. On Tuesday he said, "I have got to go to White Plains," and a friend said, "I will go with you," and he put up his hands, and they left together. They talked on without knowing where they were going until he hauled the horse upon one side of the road and shouted "hallelujah." All at once the devil came to him and said, "what are you doing—praising God—a man as wicked as you have been—you have made a mistake." Gardner said "he thought he had made a mistake," but he came to the church, and while knowing the clouds began to disperse, and a bright light surrounded him, soon he took his handkerchief and covered his eyes, said the minister, "What are you doing, Gardner?" "Why," said he, "there is such glory shining all around me; I thought it must be a mistake, and I covered my eyes to see if I could see it yet." "How is it," said he, "all light and beautiful?" said he, "such great sensation and loud cries of 'Amen'—Glory to God, &c.,] and darkness has been succeeded by the light and joy of Christ. On Thursday night he came up, and said "I have got religion—I thought it would be good, but it is a great deal better than I thought it was. If we live until two weeks from to-day, you will hear him talk of Jesus himself in the 17th street church."

In conclusion, Mr. Halsted said that they would make no regular exhortation for sinners to come forward, but if there were any present who wished to know Jesus, they could come forward and receive the prayers of their Christians.

A hymn was sung, during which four young men and three ladies, amid evident excitement, came forward and knelt at the altar. Prayers were then offered in their behalf. The services concluded until late in the afternoon.

LETTER FROM UTAH—A NEW ROUTE TO SALT LAKE—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—SKIRMISH WITH THE TROOPS—FOUR KILLED.
St. Louis, March 12.—The Council Bluffs Eagle of the 3rd inst. says that Mr. Wingate, just arrived from Salt Lake, which he left Jan. 25th, reports there is no snow in Salt Lake Valley, and very little on the mountains. He came by a route, known only to the Mormons, through the mountains, by which the horsesmen, in single file, can pass an army undiscovered. The route passes between perpendicular rocks for thirteen miles, in many places only three feet wide, and in some places completely covered over.

The Mormons are manufacturing small cannon, with percussion locks and telescopic sights, to carry two pound balls with as much certainty as a common rifle at one hundred and twenty yards. They are also making revolvers at the rate of five hundred per week, and coarse powder for mining purposes.

A skirmish is reported as having occurred between a Mormon picket guard and the troops, in which two of the former and four of the latter are reported killed.

Brahma Young says he is willing that the civil officers should come into the Territory and enter upon their duties, but if the army attempts to come they will be resisted.

On the 24th of January, Young marched before nine thousand of the people, al. of whom rose when he requested all who were in favor of giving the troops "hell" to rise.

A letter from Capt. Marey, dated Taoz, Jan. 24, reports the particulars of the hardships encountered, and the losses incurred during the march to Santa Fe.

A LADY'S RING.—Quite an excitement was created among some of Mr. Beecher's congregation, in Brooklyn, on Sunday morning, upon the discovery on the plate for the poor of a massive gold ring, which was at once identified as belonging to the wife of a prominent candidate in the Presidential canvas of 1856.—There is a very sharp competition still pending for possession of the ring—which will probably contribute more to its value to the relief of the poor of Brooklyn. The ring contains on the outside an engraving "bee" (in allusion to a beautiful incident in Col. Fremont's passage of the Rocky Mountains,) and on the inside the inscription, "March 4, '57."—*New York Paper.*

A GENEROUS man is Mr. Charles Bodman, of Cincinnati. His uncle, Wm. Bodman, of Baltimore, left him \$65,000 the other day. He came on to Baltimore, sighted around and found two more immediate female heirs than himself, and gave them the property, because they needed the money, property and slaves more than he did. He reserved to himself, however, Gano, the faithful body servant of his deceased uncle, whom he proposes to take with him to Cincinnati, provide him with employment, and give him his freedom. Bodman is a Marylander, but owns tobacco warehouses in Cincinnati. May he do a big business for ever and ever!—*Exchange Paper.*

THE UNIVERSAL LOVE.—The love that every one has for his own joke.

BANK DEFACULATION IN NEW YORK.—A book-keeper in the Union Bank, named Brotherton, is charged with having abstracted some \$145,000. A Mr. Mott, formerly of the firm of Mott Brothers, jewellers, now a broker, is charged with being an accomplice. A detective reported to the Bank officers, that Brotherton was gambling largely, when an investigation took place. It is a ten year's affair. While those frauds have been going on, the old Union Bank was wound up on the expiration of its safety fund charter, and a distribution of its surplus was made without any discovery of fraud. The re-organization of the Bank under the general law also took place without any discovery. Brotherton has absconded.

We are told that Pacuvius, the old Roman dramatic poet, married three wives, all of whom hung themselves upon the same tree. Describing to his friend Attius, how the tragic element had got out of his plays and entered into his domestic affairs, the latter, who was also a poet, and unhappily married, greatly admired the virtues of the said tree, and craved a slip of it to plant in his own garden.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.—far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. —*Shakespeare.*

"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "In the cold ground?" replied Polly, "where the seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels, and fly away to heaven."—*Dombey & Son.*

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.—
BREADSTUFFS.—Sales of 300 bbls Flour for home consumption at \$4.50-\$4.625 per barrel for Superfine, \$4.875-\$5.125 for Extra, \$5.25-\$5.50 for Extra Family, and \$6.25 for Fancy breads. Rye Flour is steady at \$3.125, and Corn Meal at \$2.875 per bbl.

GRAIN.—The market is comparatively bare of prime Wheat, and it is wanted. Sales of 200 bushels Pennsylvania prime wheat at \$1.10 per bushel, 100 Extra, \$1.20, and some 500 Western White at \$1.20-\$1.30. Rye is steady at 70c. Corn remains in good demand, and further sales of 6000 bushels Yellow, in store, were made at 60c—Oats are steadily at 35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Holders are firmer in their views, but, with light receipts and stocks to operate in, the market has ruled quiet this week. Meats are selling as wanted at \$1.75-\$1.75, and city Meats at \$1.75-\$1.80. Bacon moves on well, and is held at 11c per lb. for Ham, the latter fancy cuts, 9c-\$1.00 for sides, quality, and 8c for Shoulders, for a short time. Green Meats are more inquired for, and 300 cases changed hands at 9c-\$1.25, the latter for fancy lots in pickle; 8c-\$1.25 for Sides, and 7c for Shoulders, cash and time. Lard is firm, with small sales of bushels at 10c-\$10.00, and kegs at 11c. Butter is more active, and solid packed has been selling more freely at 11c-\$12.00; choice lots at something more, and Roll at 14c-\$17c, as in quality. Cheeses are steadily at 35c-\$4.00 per dozen.

COTTON.—The favorable advices from Europe have induced holders to again put up their quotations. The demand, however, has been quite limited, and manufacturers manifest no disposition to purchase, except for the supply of their immediate wants. Sales of 310 bbls of Middling and Middling Fair Upland at 11c-\$12.50, cash, and 13c-\$14.50 per bbl.

COAL.—The stagnation which has characterized for the last three months still continues. The nominal rates are \$3.80-\$3.90 per ton for White Ash, and \$4.00-\$4.15 for Red Ash—free on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS.—Continue dull, and the sales are mostly in a small way at 40c-\$42c for Western.

FRUIT.—Domestic Fruit is selling moderately at present, and some 5000 boxes of Apples, and 10c-\$14c for Dried Apples, and 10c-\$14c for Peaches, as in quality.

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Wit and Humor.

JOKES OF CONGRESSMEN.—A correspondent of the Richmond South thus describes an episode in his trip from Richmond to Washington:

"Of course, no one can get within gunshot of the capital without inhaling some of the odors of Congress, and I was regaled with a choice conversation between two Congressmen, who were giving an outsider an account of some of the doings at Washington. The conversation turned upon the fraying privilege. One of them, a big Virginian said, he had once sent a newspaper to an old North Carolinian, whose name had been furnished him, and of course, had never thought of the thing again. Some years afterwards he happened to be in North Carolina, and an old man accosted him, saying, 'Hello, Mister, I got that paper you sent me, and I cut out all the advertisements, and stuck some up here in my porch, and the others I sent round to my neighbors. I thought all them runaway niggers was yours, and I would do as much for you as I knew how.' The facetious Congressman ended by saying that he believed that old man would vote for him for President, he felt so complimented by that newspaper. 'Did you ever hear of free Tom Moore?' Tom Moore was in the habit of scattering his speeches and other public documents broadcast over the land, until an old countryman began to inquire, who, upon the face of the earth, that 'Free Tom Moore' was who was always writing his name upon everything. Then the facetious Virginian told of an old publication to whom Mr. Buchanan had accidentally sent a book, who regularly exhibited it to the visitors, never failing to remark that he wondered how Mr. Buchanan came to take such a fancy to him, as to send him a book. It is with such pug that those innocent babes called American voters are fed; while the man who can tell the best joke is always the one for them. In this manner our national halls are filled with the finest body of jokers the world over saw."

THE YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER.—Ex-Governor Boutwell told the following at a recent Educational Convention in Pittsfield:—A Yankee schoolmaster came over from Massachusetts into York State last fall, and engaged a school. He was told that there was one family of unruly boys who had turned the last teacher out of doors, and would try the same game on him. The new master resolved to begin with a firm hand, and establish his authority at the outset. On the first day of school, all went on smoothly; none of the rebellious family—the Litchfields—were there. The next day the same. On the third day, a stout young fellow of eighteen or nineteen appeared; and when the teacher asked his name, to record it, he learned it was Litchfield. "Ah, your name is Litchfield! Just step out here." And bringing him into the middle of the floor, he commenced whaling him with all his might, till the frightened youth fled for his life.

"There," said the triumphant pedagogue, "I understand those Litchfields threaten to turn me out of doors, and we'll see who is master here!"

The boys laughed, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that the excited hero of the birch demanded an explanation, and found to his dismay that he had flogged the wrong youth—a very inoffensive lad of a highly respectable family, whose name had led to the mistake. The schoolmaster thought "a stitch in time would save nine," but unfortunately he took it in the wrong place.

GOT WHAT HE WAS AFTER.—A young gent is discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him regarding his attentions to a certain young lady.

Young Gent.—"Boys, I'll tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it is the old man's pocket-book I am after."

Chorus of Friends.—"Ha! ha! ha!"

Scene Second.—A Parlor. Time, 11 P. M.

Young lady seated. Young gent rises to depart, hesitating, as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object."

Young Lady.—"Ah, yes, so I've heard, and shall be only too happy to grant what you desire. (Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it, displays a large old-fashioned and EMPTY morocco pocket-book.) This, I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."

Young gent swoons.

SHARP TONGUES.—Two women in fashionable standing met one morning, with several others, at the house of one of the ladies, for a neighborly call. Now these two ladies chanced to hate each other very bitterly, yet lived and moved in the same circle on an apparently pleasant footing—as ladies sometimes manage to do, in spite of any amount of internal malice. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. were talking on that usually safe topic, the weather.

Mrs. A.—"Yes, it's horrible weather. Indeed I think the climate of our city unhealthy, especially for the skin, producing the most disagreeable pimples, blotches, &c."

Mrs. B. (who has the cutaneous disorder named above—while Mrs. A. is rather painfully asthmatic)—"Yes, I do think we have a bad climate—it must be very bad for asthmatic complaints—don't you think so?"

The ladies smiled sardonically at each other, the indifferent auditors laughed internally, and waited till they got home before they split their sides with cackhandedness.—*Boston Post*.

IMPROPTU, BY R. B. SHERIDAN.—Lord Erskine having once asserted, in the presence of Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan, that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail, Sheridan at once presented her these lines:

Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife "a tin canister tied to one's tail."

And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he car-

ries on,

Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore "degrading?" Considered aright,

A canister's useful, and polish'd, and bright,

And should dirt its original purity hide—

'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

A WREATH.—Among the many singular anecdotes which Lord Mansfield has been accustomed to relate of himself, he used to speak of the following with the most unaffected good humor:—A St. Giles's bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel in the street, and so confounded his lordship with slang, that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting anything from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew. "My lord," said he, "as I was coming by the corner of a street, I staggered the man." "Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what do you call staggering a man?" "Staggering, my lord? Why, you see—I was down upon him." "Well, but I don't understand 'down upon him' any more than 'staggering.' Do speak to be understood." "Well, an't please your lordship I speak as well as I can—I was up to all he knew." "To all he knew? I am as much in the dark as ever." "Well, then, my lord, I just tell you how it was." "Do so." "Why, my lord, seeing as how he was a run kid, I was one upon his tibby!" The fellow was at length sent out of court, and was heard in the hall to say that he had "gloriously quered old Big Wig."

A BROAD HINT.—In the refectory of a black community at Rio de Janeiro, the same abuse existed as in European friaries—the superior and the elder brethren of the house applying to their own use the choicest viands and most delicate morsels, and leaving the hungry novices at the other end of the table, to break and keep their fast upon the more scraps and bones of the repast.

On one of these occasions a junior brother received as his portion a hollow bone, without any vestige of meat upon it. This he immediately raised to his lips, and as if converting it into a wind instrument, raised a hideous yell through it. The superior, highly indignant at such conduct, insisted upon knowing the cause. "Holy father," answered the novice, "I have read in the Revelation, that at the sound of the trumpet, the flesh will be riven to the bone—and I have been trying to verify this prophecy, to save me from starvation."

PROFESSOR ADAMS, of Amherst College, was a great entomologist, and had the largest collection of insects that was ever accumulated by any private individual in this country, since the days of Noah. Some wicked students thought to quit the old gentleman, and, with a great deal of care and labor, succeeded in manufacturing a nondescript insect, in taking the body of a beetle and gluing to it the legs of a grasshopper, the wings of a butterfly, and the horns of a dragon-fly. With this new style of bug, they proceeded to the study of the Professor, and told him that one of their number had found a strange animal which they were unable to classify, and requested him to aid them in defining its position. The Professor put on his spectacles, and after examining the specimen carefully, said, "Well, young gentlemen, this is a very curious bug indeed; I am inclined to think it what Naturalists call a *Hemming*!"

SUBVERSIVE.—Put real collars upon them, join bullocks of equal strength, and make them step together. At first, let them frequently be employed in drawing along the ground wheels without any carriage upon them, so that they may print their steps only upon the top of the dust. Afterward, let the beechen axle groan under the heavy load, and the pole draw the wheels joined to the weighty carriage."

"The ploughman," says Columella, "when he has unhocked his oxen, must rub them after they are tied up, press their backs with his hands, pull up their hides, and not suffer them to stick to their bodies, for this is a disease that is very destructive to working cattle. No feed must be given them till they have ceased from sweating and high breathing, and then by degrees, in portions as eaten; and afterwards they are to be led to the water, and encouraged by whistling." Encouraging the horse to drink, etc., by whistling, is still a common practice in many parts of England. How few know that it was recommended by a learned author nearly 2,000 years ago!—*Genesee Farmer*.

ANTIDOTE TO THE ROT IN POTATOES.—There are certain substances—some of which are also fertilizers—that are almost certain to prevent the rot in potatoes. Peat is an antiseptic—that is, counteracts putrefaction or rot. Tan bark and charcoal also possess the same anti-rot qualities, in nearly as great a degree. But neither of these substances are fertilizers till decomposed; to do which requires a great length of time, or the mixture of some other substance with them, such as fish or other animal matter, with the peat, for example.

LIME AS A FERTILIZER.—On wet soils, the soil

was deposited in ridges, the soil being thrown up either with a plough with two mold-boards, or by two turns of one with a single mold-board, *after the seed had been scattered*. On dry ground, on the contrary, the land was first ridged, and the seed sown in the intervening furrows. Modern seed-drills were unknown, but this method of sowing in ridges accomplished the same object, enabling the farmer to hand hoe their crops, which they did repeatedly. The question of thick and thin sowing was discussed by the Romans as much as at the present time. Columella seems to be in favor of thin sowing in rich and loose soils, because the plants tiller, and thus become more productive. From two to two and a quarter bushels of seed wheat per acre was about the average quantity sown. Less was sown on light than on heavy soils.

The selection of the finest and most healthy seeds was a matter of much attention. Varro affirms that wheat preserves its vitality for 50 years, millet for 100 years, and beans for 120 years.

ROTATION OF CROPS.—Appears to have been little practised—the land being renovated by means of fallow—though Virgil says "the land will rest [that is, will remain in as good condition as it had been fallowed] by a change of crop."

The Roman writers are almost unanimous in recommending to cut wheat before the grain is fully ripe, and Columella declares that it will ripen after it is cut. Pliny observes that wheat cut when fully ripe gives the greatest quantity of flour, but that reaped early has a finer and plumper berry. It was a maxim, "better to reap two days too soon than two days too late."

Horses were seldom if ever used in cultivating the soil, often being employed for this purpose.

Much attention was given to breeding and training them, and they appear to have been treated with great kindness. In breeding, the form of the cow was considered of more importance than that of the bull. The cows which Columella most approved were of "a tall make, long, with very large belly, very broad head, eyes black and open, horns graceful, smooth, and black, hairy ears, straight jaws, very large dewlap and tail, and moderate hoofs and legs."

The bulls, Palladius says, "should be tall, with huge members: of a middle age, rather young than old: of a sturn countenance: small horns, a brawny and vast neck, and a confined belly."

"To break bullocks," says Varro, "put their necks between forked stakes; set one for each bullock, and give them meat from the hand; they will become tractable in a few days. Then, in order that by degrees they may become accustomed to the yoke, let an unbroken one be joined with a veteran, whom he will imitate; then let them go upon even ground without a plough, then yoked to a light plough in sandy soil."

"Calves," said Virgil, "which you intend

for country labor, should be instructed while

their youthful minds are tractable, and their

age manageable. First bend round their necks

wide wreaths of tender twigs: then, when

their free necks have become accustomed to

the yoke, then yoked to a light plough in sandy soil."

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